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THE PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER.*

Dealing with the conditions and prospects of philosophy in England in the early part of the nineteenth century, John Stuart Mill, in one of his essays, wrote as follows:

England once stood at the head of European philosophy. Where stands she now? Consult the general opinion of Europe. The celebrity of England at the present day rests upon her docks, her canals, and her railways. In intellect she is distinguished only for a kind of solid good sense free from extravagance, but also void of lofty aspirations. Instead of the ardor of research, the eagerness for large and comprehensive inquiry of the educated part of the French and German youth, what find we? Out of the narrow bounds of mathematical and physical science not a vestige of a reading and thinking public engaged in the investigation of truth as truth, in the prosecution of thought for the sake of thought. Among few except sectarian religionists (and what they are we all know) is there any interest in the great problem of man's nature and life.¹

The decline of philosophy, which induced such sombre thoughts in the mind of Mill, would have aroused lively satisfaction in the mind of Comte. The high priest of Positivism would have told Mill that the decline was provided for in his great scheme. According to the laws of the three stages, as enunciated by Comte, the human mind passes through three distinct periods, the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific or positive. The decline of metaphysical speculation would have been taken as evidence by Comte that the higher mind in England was passing rapidly to the scientific stage when ultimate questions were relegated to the region of futility. We can imagine Comte gently chiding Mill, the champion of science, for bewailing the decay of a speculative method which drew its inspiration from regions beyond the demonstrative methods of Positivism.

Just when Comte was proving to his own satisfaction that metaphysical, like

*1 "A System of Synthetic Philosophy, First Principles." 1862.

2 "Principles of Biology." 2 vols. 1864-67.

3 "Principles of Psychology." 2 vols.

4 "Principles of Sociology." 3 vols. 1878-96.

5 "Principles of Ethics." 2 vols. 1892-93.

6 "Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative." 3 vols. London: Williams and Norgate.

¹ Review of Professor Sedgwick's "Discourse on the studies of Cambridge, 1835," reprinted in Mill's "Dissertations."

theological, speculation was in rapid process of decay, just when he had brought the weight of historic demonstration to show that the human mind no longer busies itself with metaphysical speculation about the universe and man, a new thinker was engaged upon a great system of philosophy, which included in its sweep those speculations which Positivism condemned. In March 1860 a prospectus appeared announcing "A System of Philosophy," by Mr. Herbert Spencer. The prospectus proved two things—namely, that Mill had taken too gloomy a view of the philosophic outlook, and that Comte was distinctly out of his reckoning in predicting that science by confining men's interest exclusively to humanity would prove fatal to metaphysical speculation and far-reaching cosmical generalizations. Herbert Spencer, whose recent death evoked world-wide sympathy, lived to complete the great programme he sketched in 1860. To few thinkers is it given to realize their early ideals. Herbert Spencer could never have accomplished his life-work had he not been animated by what Mill thought was extinct, the pursuit of truth for its own sake. The project was colossal and the achievement heroic. For forty years Herbert Spencer, uncheered by popular sympathy and dogged by ill-health, worked at his great scheme. In early manhood he set himself the task of constructing a philosophy of the universe and man. In old age he had the satisfaction of seeing his work completed. The record of his feelings as he viewed the stately edifice is highly charged with pathos. In dignified language he thus recorded his impressions:

On looking back on the six-and-thirty years which have passed since the "Synthetic Philosophy" was commenced, I am surprised at my audacity in undertaking it and still more surprised at its completion. In 1860 my

small resources had been nearly all frittered away in writing and publishing books which did not repay their expenses and I was suffering under a chronic disorder caused by over-tax of the brain, which, wholly disabling me for eighteen months, thereafter limited my work to three hours a day and usually less. How insane my project must have looked to onlookers may be judged from the fact that before the first chapter of the first volume was finished one of my nervous break-downs obliged me to desist, but imprudent courses do not always fail. Sometimes a forlorn hope is justified by the event. Though along with other deterrents, many relapses, now lasting for weeks, now for months, and once for years, often made me despair of reaching the end, yet at length the end is reached. Doubtless in earlier days some exaltation would have resulted, but as age creeps on feelings weaken, and now my chief pleasure is my emancipation. Still there is satisfaction in the consciousness that losses, discouragements, and shattered health have not prevented me fulfilling the purpose of my life.²

The marvel is that under such untoward conditions philosophic work of such originality, demanding the highest intellectual power and concentration, was possible. But Herbert Spencer's mind was cast in no ordinary mould. He did not, like ordinary thinkers, move with difficulty in the regions of abstract thought; he breathed naturally the rarefied air of philosophic speculation. The most accomplished thinker will scarcely venture to deal at a moment's notice with high metaphysical theories, but with Herbert Spencer high themes formed the staple of his ordinary thinking. He handled them in conversation with the ease of a master. It must be admitted that his life-long devotion to philosophy was not without its drawbacks. A passion for systematizing and a genius for generalizing and analysis cannot be indulged in for a life-time without detri-

² Preface to vol. III. "Principles of Sociology."

ment to the element of spontaneity which plays such a large part in nature and in life. Spencer did not think he had got hold of a truth till he had it duly labelled and pigeon-holed. The result was that frequently aspects of life which can best be understood through emotional experience did not yield their meaning when approached by the philosopher with his logical foot-rule and statistical scales. Specially noticeable was this in the sphere of religion. Even those who in the main followed Spencer are bound to admit that his treatment of the religious history of man suffered greatly from the fact that he viewed the subject entirely from the outside. A flood of light is thrown upon Spencer's treatment of religion by a remark he once made to the present writer, that he had never experienced the spiritual troubles of some of his contemporaries. He never rejected Christianity, he said, because he never accepted it. Christianity lay altogether outside of his mind. A life of solitary philosophic study, moreover, had a disturbing effect on Herbert Spencer's happiness. His great powers of analysis, by means of which he won many victories over nature, were turned also upon himself, and led to an interest in his health which, his friends thought, developed into fidgety anxiety. Personal serenity would have been his, had Spencer kept a check upon his analytic and systematizing tendencies and allowed nature to have her own way in the region of feeling.

But history has to do with Herbert Spencer as a thinker rather than as a man, with his originality in the field of philosophy rather than with his personal characteristics. What will be the verdict of history upon the Spencerian philosophy? An attempt to deal adequately with this question involves a survey of the state of scientific and philosophic thought when Spencer be-

gan his studies. Everyone is familiar with the great change in the practical side of life which science in the form of inventions and discoveries has introduced into the world within the last hundred years. There is not the same familiarity with the great change which science has worked upon man's philosophic conceptions of the universe. For a time, indeed, the human intellect was so much engaged upon the work of observation that little attention was paid to the philosophic significance of science. Immersed in details, thinkers were unable to rise to a point whence the intellectual world could be seen in its rounded completeness: the wood could not be seen for the trees. But man does not live by analysis alone. Comte notwithstanding, man refuses to be satisfied with the study of phenomena. The human mind seeks for causes, and rests not till it has discovered in the midst of fleeting phenomena some point of unity, some hint of necessity. To this must be attributed Whewell's "*History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*," published in 1845, a work framed on the lines of Bacon's labors, "according to our advanced intellectual position and office." Whewell's attempt was premature. Just at the time when he published his book new scientific conceptions were arising with which he did not reckon, such as the conservation and dissipation of energy, the Darwinian theory, and the cellular theory. Whewell's attempt to organize the sciences failed, but it paved the way for further efforts.

The next to attempt a philosophy of science was Comte. By his theory of the three stages Comte sought to show that human thought advances from the theological, through the metaphysical, to the scientific. At the scientific stage Comte uttered the word "Finality." In his view everything possible or desirable was done when, abandoning the search

for causes, the mind noted phenomena in their co-existences and sequences. The fruitful element in Comte's theory was the manner in which he traced a close connection between the various classes of phenomena. Before his day the universe had been looked upon as a colossal machine, the various parts of which had no necessary connection, and which by no effort of thought could be brought into unity. Comte, without being at all able to throw light upon the organic unity of the universe, emphasized the truth that for the purpose of intelligent study science should be divided into six departments—mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and sociology—which must be studied in the order in which they exist in Nature, rising from the simple to the complex. When, in the opinion of Comte, the mind had classified the various phenomena of Nature under those departments, and applied that knowledge to the cause of humanity, a true scientific philosophy was reached, freed alike from the anthropomorphism of the theologian and the abstraction of the metaphysician. In England John Stuart Mill pursued a line of thought which in many respects was identical with Comte's philosophy. With Comte, Mill did not think it was possible to get beyond the classification of knowledge. His final word on the subject is thus given:

There exists in Nature a number of Permanent Causes which have subsisted ever since the human race has been in existence, and for an indefinite, and probably an enormous, length of time previous. The Sun, the Earth, and the Planets, with their various constituents—air, water, and the distinguishable substances, whether simple or compound, of which Nature is made up, are such Permanent Causes. Why these particular natural agents existed originally and no others, or why they are arranged in such a manner throughout space, is a question we cannot answer.

More than this, we can discover nothing regular in the distribution itself; we can reduce it to no uniformity, to no law.

The point to be noted is that what may be called Mill's scientific agnosticism, like Comte's, was the logical outcome of his theory of knowledge.

In differences of psychological theory all differences among philosophers take their rise. A thinker's conception of the universe and being is conditioned by his conception of the powers and capacities of the mind. Till an answer is given to the question, How do we know and what do we know? no progress can be made in formulating a definite theory of the universe and humanity. In regard to psychological theory Mill was a disciple of Hume. Knowledge, according to Hume, originates in impressions made upon the senses, and as a matter of course is bounded by the external world. All knowledge is, therefore, the knowledge of likeness and unlikeness, co-existence and succession, the guiding principle in the process being association. Between the method and the nature of knowledge there is close logical connection. If we know by the distinguishing of relations among phenomena, clearly knowledge when perfectly organized will consist of classification of facts, the recognition of particulars and the massing of them into groups. Mill's "Logic" is based on Hume's conception of knowledge. If the mind only distinguishes experiences which are brought to it by sensation, manifestly it is not warranted in dogmatizing about the nature of existence, and thus with one sweep are abolished necessary beliefs. Consequently we have Hume reducing the idea of causation to custom, and Mill refusing to believe in any inherent necessity at the heart of things. In brief, Mill's conception of the world was that of a collection of facts grasped by the mind

by virtue of the law of association, facts existing by no inherent necessity, and resting in the last analysis on the arbitrary and the accidental. On this planet two and two make four, but on another planet two and two may make five. We thus see that by his psychological theory Mill, like Comte, was prevented from framing a theory of the cosmos, because knowledge could never get beyond the particulars to a necessary universal process or law.

Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" would have been impossible had he remained at the stage of experientialism represented by Hume and Mill. It is highly significant that Spencer's first work dealt with psychology. Before he could set himself to discover what could be known, he had to determine how knowledge originated: in other words, to determine the capacities of the mind. If the mind cannot get beyond particulars, it would be useless to search for universal principles and processes. How, then, did Spencer, while resting upon experience, pass from the conception of the cosmos as a mere collection of classified particulars to the conception of the cosmos as a necessary unit, a great fact, in which particulars are viewed as varying aspects of a universal process? Mill's failure to give the experience philosophy a cosmical sweep arose from his adoption of the popular notion that nothing can be known to be true which cannot be demonstrated. It needs little consideration to show that a process of induction can lead us a very little way. In fact, we cannot proceed to reason at all without making a start from what is not capable of demonstration—namely, personal identity. This belief rests not upon proof, but upon a psychological necessity. Similarly we cannot get into intellectual touch with the cosmos by a process of induction, resting upon the law of association. At the beginning of all reasoning, all clas-

sification, is a belief which cannot be proved, which must be accepted as a necessity of thought—namely, the belief in the permanence of the constitution of things which we call Nature, or objective existence. By starting with two intuitive beliefs, by accepting as his fundamental data personal identity and objective existence, Spencer escaped the network of sceptical confusions in which Hume and Mill involved themselves in their attempt to give a satisfactory account of the ego and non-ego on the lines of their empirical philosophy. Accepting as the data of philosophy subject and object, self and not-self, Spencer deals with the general forms under which the not-self, the cosmos, manifests itself to the self, the mind. These general forms are space, time, matter, motion, and force. After a careful analysis of these forms by which all thinking is conditioned, he comes to the conclusion that space, time, matter, and motion, all necessary data of intelligence, are built up or abstracted from experiences of force. Force persists. When we say that force persists, we are simply saying that the sum total of matter and motion, by which force manifests itself to us, can neither be increased nor diminished. This, like personal identity, is an ultimate fact, an ultimate belief, which we must take with us as the basis of all reasoning. If force came into existence and went out of existence, the universe would be not a cosmos but a chaos, nay, more, reasoning would be impossible. Scientific deductions, as well as abstract reasoning, would be impossible if the forces of Nature did not persist. Viewed thus, the universe is one fact, the varying phenomena being but so many phases of the redistribution of matter and motion.

It is necessary to notice the effect of this view upon the ideas of the uniformity of Nature and causation, to

which Mill refuses to give the character of necessity. The uniformity of Nature and cause and effect, says Mill, are inductions from observation. No, says Spencer, they are deductions from the ultimate law of the persistence of force. It needs little reflection to see that if force is persistent the relations among forces must also persist. What is this but postulating the uniformity of Nature? And when we say that the relations among forces persist, what is this but saying that every manifestation of force must be preceded and succeeded by some equivalent manifestation? Cause and effect, therefore, are something more than invariableness of sequence joined together in the mind by the law of association. Thus, between a cannon-ball and a battered wall there is something more than time relation, an association of events; there is an expenditure of force on the wall equivalent to that which proceeds from the cannon in the shape of the ball. The two things, cause and effect, are really one thing under different aspects—namely, one form of force succeeded by an equivalent manifestation. Causation and the uniformity of Nature are not inexplicable facts in which we believe from custom, but are rooted in the necessity of Nature.

It has been finely said that to a thinker capable of comprehending it from a single point of view, the universe would present a single fact, but one all-comprehensive truth. Following the idea of the persistence of force, which, according to Spencer, is the ultimate truth upon which all the interpretations of experience rest, the universe is viewed as one fact, the result of one great cosmical process—namely, the redistribution of matter and motion. Spencer intended his system to be a philosophy of phenomenal existence, a cosmology, but at the outset he deemed it necessary to define his attitude to on-

tology. This he did by relegating ontological problems to the region of the unknowable. From a cosmological point of view he might have taken force as the ultimate scientific basis of his philosophy, but he entered the region of ontology when he interpreted force metaphysically as a symbol of an unknown and unknowable power which, in consequence of the relativity of thought, can never be brought within definite rational consciousness. In recognition of an inscrutable power or energy, Spencer fancied he had found a basis for the reconciliation of science and religion. The terms proposed have been likened to those proposed by a husband to his wife, as the basis of domestic harmony, that he should take the inside of the house and she the outside. To the theory of the unknowable must largely be attributed the unpopularity which attached itself to the philosophy of Spencer. Critics fixed upon the ontology, to the comparative neglect of the cosmology; and in consequence of his defective metaphysical equipment, Spencer laid himself open on the purely speculative side to attacks which reacted with adverse influence upon the scientific side of his great work. If ontology was to be dealt with at all, it should have been at the end, not at the beginning of his philosophy, when Spencer would have been able to deal with the problems involved on better and more modern philosophic lines than those of Hamilton and Mansel. In his later days Spencer seemed to feel that his influence had been hindered by his theory of the unknowable. This much may be gathered from a remark he once made to the present writer, that his system of philosophy should not be judged by his theory of the unknowable. The philosophy of evolution as a cosmical generalization, he said, rests upon its own merit apart from its philosophic and religious agnosticism.

The question which faced Spencer was this: given a universe composed of a fixed matter and motion conceived in harmony with the Newtonian law of gravitation, as manifesting co-existent forces of attraction and repulsion, to trace the process by which the cosmos evolved from its nebulous to its present form. At the end of a long inquiry, worked out by the inductive method and verified deductively, Spencer formulated the law of the cosmic process. The redistribution of matter and motion which results in the formation of an aggregate, Spencer calls Evolution. The redistribution which results in the decay and dissipation of an aggregate, he calls Dissolution. Evolution is defined as an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion goes through a parallel transformation. This process, according to Spencer, holds true of all existences whatsoever. For convenience, phenomena are divided into sections: astronomic, geologic, biologic, psychologic, sociologic; but the process is one and the law is one. Evolution of the parts goes on along with evolution of the whole. Not only is evolution one in principle but in fact. In "First Principles" Spencer has applied his formula to the evolution of the earth from its nebulous to its present stage; but, to bring his scheme of philosophy within reasonable compass, he has merely outlined the inorganic evolution, reserving his strength for the development of life, to which the "Principles of Biology" are devoted. The problem Spencer set before him was to explain by his evolution hypothesis the structural and functional complexities of plant and animal life—in other words, to show that the formula of evolution as a movement from the simple to the complex,

through successive integrations and differentiations, covers not only the purely mechanical processes of Nature, but also those processes known as living.

It is clear from the earlier editions of "First Principles" that Spencer thought it possible to make his mechanical formula cover Nature's living processes. He certainly meant it to be understood that there is correlation and equivalence between the material and the psychical. In his view the forces by which planets grow and carry on their functions are forces which previously existed as solar radiations. That is to say, the living forces of the planet are simply transformed solar energies. That there is no mistake, Spencer further says: "Thus the movements internal and external of the animal are reappearances of a power absorbed by the planet under the shape of light and heat." In the early editions of "First Principles" the conclusion was reached that the various changes exhibited by the organic world conform to the general principles of the transformation and equivalence of forces. In attempting to correlate vital and non-vital or mechanical processes, Spencer was simply following a tendency which has always been strong in the scientific world, that of bringing living matter within the domain of dynamics, physics, and chemistry. Now, had Spencer been able to accomplish this, his evolution formula would have been a triumphant success. On his own admission he failed. In the sixth edition of "First Principles," revised by him in 1900, Spencer made certain notable admissions. He no longer believed in the possibility of the transformation of feeling into motion, but only a constant ratio between feeling and motion. A direct quantitative equivalence he admitted to be illusory. Between a physical stimulus of an organism and a sensation there can be no quantitative

equivalence. Between the earlier and later editions of "Principles of Biology" the change of opinion is noticeable. In the early edition he defined life as the continual adjustment of internal relations to external relations. The last edition, published in 1898, contains a significant chapter entitled "The Dynamic Element in Life," the purport of which is to show that the former definition of life is defective. The admission is made that "life in its essence cannot be conceived in physico-chemical terms." The conclusion come to is that in presence of life we are face to face with the inexplicable. But other phenomena, Spencer contends, are equally inexplicable, and as illustration he quotes several mechanical phenomena. That these in ultimate analysis are inexplicable is true, but the inexplicability does not prevent the scientist from expressing their movements in in terms of the conservation, transformation, and equivalence of force. That heat is a mode of motion is inexplicable from a philosophic point of view; but this does not prevent the scientist from bringing heat and motion within the region of experiment, on the basis of the transformation and equivalence of force: the quantitative relation between heat and motion is quite easily understood. Manifestly, if the cosmos is described as a redistribution of matter and motion, all phenomenal existences should be interpretable in terms of matter and motion. The process known as living, like the process known as not-living, should be capable of a mechanical explanation. If, as Spencer admits, there is a dynamic element in life, and if that element cannot be conceived in terms of matter and motion, cannot be interpreted by physical or chemical methods, the conclusion is inevitable that in presence of living processes the Spencerian formula of evolution is defective. The effect of Spencer's admis-

sions is to make his system of philosophy dualistic instead of monistic. This followed when he came to the conclusion that between the material and the psychical there is not identity, but simply reciprocal relations. The admission, of course, does not affect the scientific value of the Spencerian formula. Between the psychical and the material the connection is so close that the same formula can be applied to both. As the psychical only manifests itself through the physical, and is determined by its laws and conditions, it is quite legitimate not to explain but to describe the process of evolution from the material side and by means of materialistic terminology.

In his "Principles of Biology," Spencer, unable to affiliate the process of life to his prime datum, force, is compelled to begin with the study of organic matter as it exists. For the purpose of science this is enough. The mathematician does not concern himself with quantity, space, and time in the abstract; nor does the physicist deal speculatively with force. The scientific, as contrasted with the philosophic, biologist deals with the manifestation, not the origin, of life. Given living matter, Spencer sets himself, on the lines of his cosmical generalization, to trace the evolution of organic forms from what may be called their protoplasmic nebulae to the structural and functional complexities of the highest type of plant and animal life. The key to Spencer's biological work is found in his definition of life as the continuous adjustment of inner to outer relations. Given an environment gradually increasing in heterogeneity, and it follows that in order to survive and propagate, organisms must in adapting themselves also increase in heterogeneity. Parts of the organisms restrict themselves to certain processes, and thus by specialization a sort of division of labor takes place, the result of which is to create structural

and functional complexities. This process, called "direct equilibration," would be powerless without indirect equilibration, better known as Darwin's law of "natural selection"—a law which should not be confounded with the law of evolution, it being at most a brilliant confirmation of Spencer's cosmical generalization. By means of the struggle for existence everywhere going on among organisms, there is secured the killing-out of the unfit, and the survival and perpetuation of organisms, characterized by successful variations, which by the law of heredity become structural and functional. Palæontology confirms this by showing that each geological epoch had its own class of organisms in correspondence with the environment, thus proving that organic has gone hand in hand with inorganic evolution. Embryology adds further confirmation by showing that the human organism in its evolution from the germ cell summarizes the ancestral development in being progress from an indefinite incoherent protoplasmic homogeneity to the definite coherent heterogeneity of the fully developed body through successive integrations and differentiations—all of which are necessitated by the law of the persistence of force.

While admitting to the full the great originality of "*Principles of Biology*," it must not be forgotten that in harmony with his own theory of environment Spencer owed much to his intellectual surroundings. He was not the first to approach Nature from the standpoint of evolution. His originality consisted in reducing the vague poetic and speculative ideas of his predecessors and contemporaries to definite scientific form and weaving his biological generalizations into his cosmical generalizations. Upon isolated biological truths Spencer's mind acted like a magnet: it brought them into a coherent whole. Long before Spencer wrote, thinkers

had been dissatisfied with the prevailing conception of Nature, implied in the doctrine of special creations and fixity of species. Goethe strongly favored the notion of evolution. The idea of Nature as a developing process rather than as a machine commended itself to the poetic side of his nature, and the fantastic speculations of the Nature philosophy of Oken, Schelling, and Hegel, had their root in an attempt to discover in Nature a principle of evolution. In the historic discussion between Cuvier and Saint-Hilaire the old and the new view came into violent conflict. Saint-Hilaire contended for unity of plan in Nature combined with variety of composition, while Cuvier contended for distinct types or species. The battle for unity was won when Schwann, in 1840, as the result of microscopic observation, proclaimed the essential identity of animal and vegetable structures. For the elementary parts of organisms, however different, it was shown that there was one universal principle of development. The cellular theory in its main features proved fatal to the Cuvierian conception of organic Nature. The question still remained—How was the diversity of Nature to be accounted for? In this connection suffice it to say that an answer was forthcoming through the labors of Wolff, von Baer, Lamarck, and most conspicuously of Darwin. What is the relation of Spencer's work to previous labors in the same field? A competent biological authority, Professor Arthur Thomson, has put on record the following estimate:

Quite apart from the evolution theory, "*Principles of Biology*" was an epoch-making work. Even as a balance sheet of the facts of life the book is a biological classic. Consciously or unconsciously, we are all standing on Spencer's shoulders. But the great work was more than a careful balance sheet of the facts of life. It also dis-

played the facts of life and the inductions from these for the first time clearly in the light of evolution. I cannot say that I have any sympathy with those who call Spencer an abstract biologist, a philosophical biologist, and mean thereby to suggest that he is not in touch with and is not treating the real facts of life. I should rather think he got nearer the relations than anyone else.

Distinguished men of science on the Continent as well as in this country have done justice to the extraordinary range and grasp of Spencer's mind, his piercing keenness of vision, and his marvellous power of generalization. "Principles of Biology" is admitted to be a masterpiece.

If Spencer had difficulty in making his evolution formula cover the life process with which biology deals, the difficulty was greatly increased in presence of life when manifested as consciousness. His early writings undoubtedly favored the view that mind was a highly specialized form of matter and motion reducible in ultimate analysis to the persistence of force. His matured view appears in the chapter "The Substance of Mind" in "Principles of Psychology," in which he states that the proximate components of mind are of two broadly contrasted kinds, feelings and the relation between feelings. He admits, however, that we cannot assimilate the mental to the material process. The process known as consciousness, Spencer frankly says, "cannot be identified with waves of molecular motion propagated through nerves and nerve-centres: a unit of feeling has nothing in common with a unit of motion." How does Spencer bridge the gulf? By asserting that we are here in presence of an insoluble problem. Matter and mind are symbols of realities which cannot be rendered into thought, manifestations of the unknowable. This does not meet the difficulty. According to the evolution formula all

phenomenal existences are but specialized forms of matter and motion in the course of their ceaseless redistribution. The fact that matter is a symbol of an unknown power does not prevent Spencer, on the lines of the persistence and transformation of force, from dealing quantitatively with material processes. In the material system force or energy lost in one form obtains its exact equivalent in another form, so that the quantity always remains the same. Now, if all existences are but manifestations of matter and motion, mental like material processes should be subject to the law of equivalence. Spencer admits that in dealing with mind the law does not hold. As Professor Höffding has it in his "Outlines of Psychology," "The supposition that a causal relation may exist between the mental and the material is contrary to the doctrine of the 'persistence of energy.' For at the point where the material nerve-process should be converted into mental activity a sum of physical energy would disappear without the loss being made good by a corresponding sum of physical energy." If mind is not reducible in any way to matter and motion, and cannot be affiliated to force, we are in presence of an element not accounted for by the Spencerian formula. To get over this difficulty, Spencer and those who treat consciousness from the material side have been driven to a modern form of Spinoza's theory—namely, that mind and matter, subject and object, which appear to us an irreducible unity, are different manifestations of an unknowable being. The two, matter and mind, are not causally connected: the relation between them is that of parallelism. So closely related are the two that for purposes of psychology a study of the evolution of the material process gives a knowledge of the evolution of the mental.

The theory of parallelism was adopted simply because all other theories

had broken down. Even Lotze, who was not biased on the side of mechanical explanation, was constrained to accept parallelism, at least as a working scientific theory. Weber and Fechner gave the theory something like scientific precision by endeavoring to discover by measurements the connection between physical stimuli and sensations. Fechner's work was continued and greatly improved by Wundt. In his hands psychology became more and more an experimental science. Through the labors of Weber, Lotze, Fechner, and Wundt psychology as a science became based upon what has been called psycho-physical parallelism. This rests upon the assertion that the operations of the mind are conditioned by physical processes. One stage further, and the idea of automatism emerges. If the initiatory stimuli come from the physical, and if the physical is under the reign of necessity, consciousness becomes what is termed a by-product. Thus, the parallelism of body and mind of Fechner and Wundt leads in the hands of Huxley and Clifford to the man-machine theory. Spencer refuses to subscribe to the automaton theory. Consciousness with him is not only a concomitant of certain nervous movements, but also a factor. But this is to introduce an element of confusion. We have in consciousness a factor which eludes all philosophic treatment, and defies scientific analysis. If, as Spencer holds, matter and motion quantitatively considered are the ultimate elements of the universe, what is to be said of consciousness, which operates as a factor in some obscure way, which cannot be reached by quantitative measurements? A system of philosophy which cannot account for, or reduce to definite law, a factor so influential as consciousness, can scarcely claim to be final. Spencer's opponents

* Specially effective in this direction are Dr. Ward's Gifford Lectures, "Naturalism and

have not been slow to point to the serious hiatus between "First Principles" and "Principles of Psychology." So long as they maintain a purely critical attitude their attacks have not been without weight, but they, especially the neo-Hegellians, have come to grief on the constructive side. They are certainly on formidable ground when they contend that the attempt to account for consciousness on the basis of psycho-physical parallelism fails to account for the unique phenomenon of mind. Consciousness, say they, cannot at once be the product and the interpreter of experience, nor can a mere succession of sense stimuli give rise to that mysterious power which the mind possesses of retaining its unity in the midst of differentiations. The late Professor Green, one of Spencer's formidable critics, profoundly dissatisfied with the psychology of the evolutionists, seriously attacked the problem on the lines of idealism, but with little success. Green accounts for mind by identifying the human self-consciousness with the universal or divine self-consciousness. As is admitted even by severe critics of the evolution psychology, Green's alternative theory of mind is not a success. What Green does is to convert the process of knowledge in the mind as manifested in self-consciousness into an entity, an agent. In a word, he personifies an abstraction and makes it a reproduction in the human organism of the divine, under the name of "Spiritual Principle." To this agent is relegated the task of transforming sense data into knowledge. Still, the idealists have done good work in the region of philosophical criticism. They have exposed the weak points of all attempts to frame a universal system of philosophy on a purely mechanical basis.* Thanks probably to their criticism, there is now a tendency on the part of Agnosticism," and Mr. R. B. Haldane's "The Pathway to Reality."

psychologists to abandon attempts to erect philosophical systems on a psychological basis. Psychology is now defined as the science of the mind, and need not step out of its province by attempting an explanation of mind. Psychology, we are told by Professor Höffding, is as little bound to begin with an explanation of what mind is as physics is obliged to begin with an explanation of what matter is.

In this restricted field Spencer was a pioneer and did valuable and enduring work. Psychology grows naturally out of biology. Remembering Spencer's definition of life as the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations, we find in the higher animals that ability to respond to complex external relations is associated with a highly specialized form of matter called "nerves," which in its highest form of evolution is associated with consciousness. Psychology deals with the various stages of consciousness. Spencer, resting on organic evolution, proceeds to trace the course of psychologic evolution from the first indefinite unit of feeling to the most complex intellectual processes; instinct, memory, reason, &c., being all evolved in the mind by its efforts to maintain the adjustment to a complex environment. Grant to the mind the power of distinguishing between elementary feelings, and the entire life of humanity, from that of the savage to that of the philosopher, is the result of a continuous integration and differentiation of consciousness. So long as the adjustments between internal and external are simple and permanent, they are made instinctively, unconsciously. When the adjustments are many, complicated, and temporary, deliberation comes into play. Reason may be defined as conscious adjustment. Spencer thus sketches the process of mental evolution:

While on the one hand instinctive actions pass into rational actions when

from increasing complexity and infrequency they become imperfectly automatic, on the other hand rational actions pass by constant repetition into automatic or instinctive actions. Similarly, we may see here that while on the one hand rational inferences arise when the groups of attributes and relations cognized become such that the impressions of them cannot be simultaneously co-ordinated, on the other hand rational inferences pass by constant recurrence into automatic inferences or organic intuitions. . . . The genesis of instinct, the development of memory and reason out of it, and the consolidation of rational action and inferences with instinctive ones, are alike explicable on the single principle that the cohesion between psychical states is proportionate to the frequency with which the relation between the answering external phenomenon has been repeated in experience.*

Here we come upon Spencer's greatest contribution to psychology. By tracing back the so-called intuitions of the individual to racial experience, he greatly widened the scope of the old experience philosophy of Hume and Mill, and gave it a broader and deeper foundation. Hampered by the theory of knowledge which he derived from Hume and Locke, Mill never could effectually dispose of the arguments of the intuitionists. Having failed to discover any inherent necessity in the cosmos, Mill was naturally unable to find any inherent necessity in the mind of man.

If all knowledge resolves itself into a classification of particulars by means of association, if the mind is a blank sheet upon which experience is duly registered, clearly there is no room for *a priori* ideas, or anything in the form of necessary beliefs. Against this the opposite school could point to beliefs existing in the mind which could not be derived from individual experience, beliefs which asserted themselves with

* "Principles of Psychology," vol. I. pp. 450-60.

intuitive force, and which could not be traced to the process of induction. Mill made great efforts to deal with the difficulty: witness his attempts to explain on the basis of empiricism the axioms of geometry and causality, but the arguments of the intuition school remained unanswered. Spencer brought the feud to an end, so far as the scientific aspect of it was concerned, by his far-reaching conclusion that beliefs which had been accepted as innate, embedded in the mind antecedent to experience, which Mill could not resolve into individual experiences, were beliefs which, though *a priori* to the individual are *a posteriori* to the race. In other words, beliefs which the intuitionists had declared to be innate, originally woven into the structure of the mind, by their constancy and universality had become organic forms of thought, operating with all the force of intuitions.

It must, however, be admitted that this is not an absolute, but only a relative solution of the great problem. It is absolute as regards psychology, as regards a scientific study of the mind and its workings; but it is only relative when viewed from the higher standpoint of philosophy. Spencer's evolutionary empiricism explains successfully the manner in which ideas once thought to be innate in the individual are developed from experience in the race; but if we raise the question of origin as against development we are still left with an unsolved problem. Professor Höffding, who in the main is in sympathy with the Spencerian psychology, frankly admits that the new experience theory of Spencer rests upon the assumption, "that the race at any stage of its development could be subject to external influences in the absence of any existing organization to receive these influences and determine their results." In his "Outlines of Psychol-

ogy" he has some observations which go to the root of the matter:

The race is a collective conception. At any given time it is composed of a certain number of individuals. These individuals carry on the struggle for existence, exercise their powers, and by accommodation to the conditions of life acquire a certain organization which may be transmitted to the next generation. But, however far back we go, the individuals still start always with a certain organization, with certain forms and powers which they have not themselves acquired, consequently with something *a priori*. At every stage of the great process of evolution there is a given basis by which the effect of all experiences is determined. It must, therefore, be true of the race as of the individual that the outer always presupposes the inner, that what is acquired is conditioned by what is originally innate.

After remarking that in psychology Spencer's discovery will prove more and more fruitful, Professor Höffding goes on to say that it is the business not of psychology, but of epistemology, to inquire into its absolute validity. He admits that "the unassailable standpoint of idealism is given in the necessity of thought, which lies at the bottom of every realistic hypothesis. However far it may be possible to explain man through the world, the world in its turn is always explained through man, for we can go no further back than that which is to man a necessity of thought." The upshot is that the last word has not been said in the historical controversy between experientialism and idealism.

Perhaps the most striking testimony to the scientific value of Spencer's psychology is found in the light which it throws upon diseases of the mind—mental dissolution, as opposed to mental evolution. When Spencer demonstrated that mind is correlated to and evolves along with a material organ

and a nervous system, it became clear that mental processes could only be adequately studied through their physical equivalents. Lapse from intelligence on the physical side means diseased brain structure and diseased nervous organization. Distinguished medical authorities have borne testimony to the great value of Spencer's theory of mental evolution and dissolution. It is claimed for him by those authorities that in neurology, psychology, and pathology Spencer has discovered fundamental principles; and that whatever systems are erected must be erected on the foundations which he has laid. Viewed strictly from the standpoint of the science of mind, "*Principles of Psychology*" remains an epoch-making work.

As Spencer's aim was to construct a philosophy which should embrace phenomenal existence in its totality, psychology, the study of man as a thinking being, is the preliminary to sociology, the study of man as a social and ethical being. In sociology and ethics, as in metaphysics, Spencer by his evolutionary conception gave a wider and deeper interpretation of the philosophy of the school of Bentham and Mill. In ethics as in psychology Mill and his school were hampered by focussing their attention too exclusively on the individual. With them, ideas of right and wrong, like ideas of truth and error, were traceable to the experiences of the individual. In the sphere of ethics, the sense of right and wrong, according to the utilitarians, rested upon happiness. Their theory was based on the assumption that man was everywhere the same, and that he was fundamentally a reasoning and calculating animal. Experience shows clearly that man, especially primitive man, acts from impulse: reason in the shape of a calculation of interests plays even yet a small part in human affairs. As has been well said, "the public which

acts rightly, not by reason of any abstract notion of utility, but by the inward impulse of sympathy and duty, resented the application of a cold and pragmatist principle to a warm and beautiful sentiment." So long as morality was treated from the standpoint of the individual, as a static instead of a dynamical problem, the utilitarians had insuperable difficulty in repelling the attacks of the intuitionists. Here, as in the dispute over the origin of knowledge, Spencer came to the rescue by substituting the racial for the individual standpoint. In his famous letter to J. S. Mill, Spencer clearly defined the evolutionary view, according to which experiences of utility, organized and consolidated through all the past generations of the human race, have, by means of hereditary transmission, taken the form of moral intuitions, emotional responses to right and wrong conduct, which have no apparent basis in individual experiences of utility. According to Spencer, ethical development which is from the simple to the complex is conditioned by the social environment. This theory is far-reaching in its application. It goes to the root not only of ethical, but also of social evolution, and provides the key to the fundamental differences between the sociological views of Spencer and those of Bentham and Mill. Up to the time when Spencer began to write, progressive political philosophy was largely dominated by the theory of Rousseau that society was mainly an artificial product, the result of deliberate design, a kind of primitive contract. Those who got hold of the reins of power were sure to rule despotically, and the great object of the political philosophers of the Bentham school was to provide checks to the base designs of Government. This prompted the labors of Bentham and James Mill, and even J. S. Mill shows the influence of the theory by

his constant fear lest in the absence of checks Government should proceed upon wrong lines. Spencer, by changing the point of view from the mechanical to the biological, originated quite a new train of political thinking. According to Spencer, society is an organism, subject to well-defined laws of development, not a machine apt to be cunningly manipulated in the interests of the superior few. As an organism society is subject to the laws of growth. It has an economic root, and all political structures as well as ethical ideas are determined, not from the outside by legislation, but by the economic conditions at each particular stage. Social evolution is sharply marked by two distinct stages, the military and the industrial, each having its appropriate political structures and ethical ideals. The military *régime* had its root in the view that national expansion was only possible through territorial expansion, through annexation of surrounding countries. The political structure appropriate to that conception is despotism, and the ethical ideals, military glory and the heroic virtues generally. With the rise of the view that the prosperity of one nation does not necessarily mean the impoverishment of other nations, militarism gives way to pacific industrialism, with its appropriate political structure, democracy, and its appropriate ethical ideals, personal liberty, sympathy, individuality, and the pacific virtues generally. Civilization is thus seen to be a great process of adjustment whereby man's nature, physical, intellectual, and moral, develops in response to an industrial and social environment also increasing in complexity. When the adjustment is comparatively complete, the comparative perfection of humanity is reached. The Spencerian philosophy is necessarily based on optimism, but before he died Spencer had reason greatly to abate his confidence in the

evolutionary process. Spencer's defect as a pioneer in sociology lay in his over-estimate of the power of general causes and his under-estimate of the disturbing influence of the personal equation. The philosopher's closing years were clouded by what he considered the reactionary barbaric influences which had come into the national life in the shape of a renewal of militarism, and of what he believed to be the old economic delusion that the prosperity of one nation could only be secured at the expense of other nations. Spencer might have been proof against such reaction had he not, in antagonism to Carlyle's great-man theory, pinned his faith too confidently to general causes.

Making due allowance for Spencer's defects, it must be admitted that in the sphere of sociology he has proved himself a master. In many particulars his generalizations will need modification, but he laid the foundations of the science. In all directions his ideas are bearing fruit, and if sociology is now in a fair way of reaching the scientific stage, to Herbert Spencer is due the main credit. All students of social and political evolution are his debtors. What will be the verdict of history upon the labors of Herbert Spencer? It will be admitted that among modern philosophers he stands unsurpassed for the harmonious combination in his mind of two qualities rarely found together—great speculative sweep and rare analytic power. Spencer belonged to the highly endowed race of thinkers who have lifted human thought to a higher point of view. The particular theories of such thinkers may be ridiculed by adverse criticism, but their works remain as stages in the victorious march of the human mind. On the writings of Spinoza, Hume, Kant, and Hegel criticism has long since done its worst, but nevertheless the fact remains that those who aspire to a wider view of life and destiny must

stand on the shoulders of those intellectual giants. Spencer in our day faced the problems of existence in the spirit of the great thinkers of the past. He did not quite realize his own ideal, that of demonstrating the unity of the cosmos, and weaving the scattered threads of thought into one great generalization; but to him belongs the honor of attacking the problem from the standpoint and by the methods of

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science. In this respect his work was unique. By this far-reaching conception of theory and elevated estimate of fact he took from British science the reproach levelled at it by Hegel in one of his scornful moments. Herbert Spencer lifted science out of the narrow and depressing region of material utility, and placed it on the throne beside divine philosophy.

A TRIP UP THE UGANDA RAILWAY AND ACROSS LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.

The train for Port Florence, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, left at noon on Saturday. There were very few white passengers, only some railway officials, and some sportsmen, with express rifles, going up after big game. But there was no lack of third-class passengers. There were tent-boys, gun-bearers, and porters in new khaki suits; there were others dressed all in white, their black grinning faces sandwiched between white caps and white overalls; there were women in bright cotton draperies, with earrings, and gilt pins in one nostril; and there were greasy Indian coolies. They all crowded into the carriages, piling themselves up on the seats, on the floor, on each other, till the carriage was just a jumble of heads and limbs. Up and down on the platform stalked tall, black-bearded Sikh police, contemptuously superior to the rabble, but cuffing vigorously any individual who seemed disposed to give trouble.

A short run through groves of mango, banana, and palm trees brought us to the bridge joining Mombasa island to the mainland, and the train panted slowly up the winding track into hills covered with dry grass and low bush.

Below us lay the inlet of the sea, with gleaming spikes of water piercing into the valleys here and there. Climbing steadily upwards, we left behind thick woods of swaying palms and bright green patches of maize and banana plantations, and wound up through heavy waves of bush-country, with streams in the valleys, and solitary palms on the sky-line.

Before long we entered the Taru desert—dry soil, wizened grass, and thick scrub. Every bush like the next, colorless, fibreless, and prickly; not dense enough to give any shade, but all growing so closely together that one could only see a few yards ahead, and could only shove through them with much rending of clothes and flesh. The Taru was formerly a formidable obstacle to caravans—no water to be got, and nothing in the monotony of the scrub to guide any one straying from the path. The train was running through this desolate waste most of the afternoon. As the seats in the carriages run lengthways, one can lie up on the seat, pull up the smoked-glass windows to keep out glare and dust, and doze through this part of the run. Every now and then the train

stopped under a large red water-tank to water up. The tank, an iron office-shed, and some rows of stacked firewood made up the stations. At one place on the outskirts of the Taru there was a water-famine,—not surprising when you saw the land,—and a crowd of Wadaruma women in short quilted skirts rushed out to fill their gourds from the tank-truck behind the engine. Most of the women had babies tied on to their waists, and as they all tried to draw water together, the babies did not have a very happy time.

As night fell we could see the dark outlines of hills ahead of us, against the red glow of sunset, and knew we were out of the desert. Dinner was served at the dāk-bungalow at Voi. These dāk-bungalows, of which there are four or five along the line, supply excellent meals, and there are one or two rooms for any one wishing to stay for the night. They have only one drawback—they are not allowed to sell spirituous liquors; so if you forget to take a flask with you, you have to be content with soda-water or tepid lemonade.

Our boys made up our beds on the seats of the carriages, which are wide and long, and make very comfortable beds. When we woke we were in a country of long dry grass, low bush, and sudden hills, and on both sides of the line we could see antelope, zebra, and ostrich in large numbers. All this country is splendid shooting country, and an hour's tramp out from any station will take you into the midst of game. Lion and rhinoceros have been seen lately near the line about here, and it was at Simba, a station you pass about half-past five in the morning, that a lion took a man out of a railway-carriage on a siding. The irony of the incident lies in the fact that the man had been sitting up to shoot this lion—a famous man-eater—and had fallen asleep.

All the morning the train climbed steadily round sharp curves, over the shoulders of hills, tolling up slowly and painfully, then spurting along a straight stretch till another steep curve was reached. The natives about here are Wakamba, and there were a few at every station, cowering under red blankets—for we were over 4000 feet up now, and the air was sharp. The Wakamba live in little mud-and-bush huts, set in a circle of thorns; they keep flocks, and grow maize and sugarcane, and amuse themselves at times shooting poisoned arrows at the native soldiers who go out to collect the hut-tax. Then the district officer has to sally out with a little party and chastise them.

The station-masters are all Indians. The railway was built by Indian labor, and now most of the subordinate posts on the line are held by Indians. In many quarters they are not liked. They are said to occupy many posts that could be held by Englishmen; they have brought disease among the natives, and have done much to deteriorate them physically and morally. However, the Indians work for very low wages, are very submissive, do not drink, and are well educated in book-learning. Many a foreman of a gang is a B.A. of an Indian university. They delight in using the longest possible words and sentences, and will do nothing except by rule and regulation. If you wish a slight alteration in a ticket or way-bill, you will never get the station-master to make it; he will write to headquarters, and an answer may come in a fortnight or so. When you say you must go by next train, he says he is very sorry, shrugs his shoulders, and suggests you should buy a new ticket. Every one knows the story of the station-master who wired to headquarters, "Lion dancing on platform; please wire instructions."

About ten o'clock in the morning we

reached the vast grassy plains, generally called Athi plains, famous for the herds of game on them. The ground, covered with dry grass, sometimes low, sometimes breast-high, stretched away in gentle dimples on both sides of the line to a blue rim of hills on the horizon. Everywhere the plain was speckled with herds of antelope, zebra, and ostrich. Not a bush anywhere except on the banks of a few stony watercourses. Stalking on these plains is no easy task. Sometimes an old ant-heap or fold of the ground will give you a little cover; but, as a rule, there is just naked ground between you and the herd. They see you at least as soon as you see them. They watch you come nearer with placid indifference, gaze at you with contempt as you get down on hands and knees, and then, as you begin to get within a few hundred yards, one of them gives a click in his throat, and off the whole lot go, leaving you full of prickles, and with a mind very full of strong words.

About eleven o'clock we passed a long, harsh, rocky hill and crossed the Stony Athi and Athi, rivers which run round near its west face. The ground about here has been the scene, of as many lion-hunts as perhaps any other place in Africa. Shortly before I came up, a sportsman had shot three lions, one after the other, and got badly mauled by a fourth one.

It was nearly noon when we reached Nairobi, lying on the edge of the plain, where the land begins to rise in steep dark waves into the Kikuyu uplands. The seat of the Sub-Commissioner of the Wakamba province, headquarters of the railway management and construction staff, Nairobi is the centre from which settlers are radiating over the rich land of the Kikuyu country. Owing to the fertility of the soil, the cool climate, the cheapness of labor, and the proximity of the railway, the

land is being rapidly settled, and on the success of these colonists the future of the Protectorate will largely depend. If they prosper, settlers from all countries will flock to East Africa, and unless the rich promise of the land is falsified, sufficiency of capital and labor is all that is required to turn the Protectorate into a thriving self-supporting colony.

Nairobi consists of the railway-sheds, rows of uniform iron bungalows for railway employees, a street of wooden offices and stores, the bungalows of the Government and railway officials, and the native and Indian quarters. In the roads you will pass Kikuyu, scantily-clad, with ears bored and twisted; Masai warriors with spears and swords; Indian coolies with flowing turbans; fat Indian traders with round velvet caps and collarless shirts; subalterns of the African Rifles with fox-terriers at their heels, master and dog spruce and neat; ladies in sun-helmets; sportsmen just in from the plains, dusty and tattered, with a beard of several days' growth, and followed by a troop of porters carrying tents, chop-boxes, and gun-cases. Nairobi has its club, its cricket-ground, its race-course; but lions can be heard roaring just outside it, and natives have to be ordered to come in with, at least, a loin-cloth.

It is an interesting place to stay in for a few days. You meet men who have helped to make the railway, men who have been engaged in little wars no one at home has ever heard of, men who have broken in the wild savage in distant out-stations, men who have stopped many a lion's charge, men who have been tossed by a rhino or dodged the wild stampede of a herd of elephants. You will find these men worth talking to, though they are often hard to draw. But quietly and unostentatiously they are doing the spade-work of the Empire, and showing, when

called upon, the old English qualities of contempt for danger and hardship, and perseverance in face of loneliness, deprivation, and discouragement.

From Nairobi the line runs up the rich slopes of the Kikuyu country, where patches of cultivation are beginning to invade the waste of wild luxuriant bush. The line rises over 1400 feet in twelve miles, so the speed is not excessive. At Kikuyu station a number of Kikuyu came out to stare at us, and we stared in return at their heads covered with red greasy plaster, and their ears pierced and blocked by large lumps of wood, it being the height of fashion to have the lobe of the ear a hanging loop of flesh.

The train soon wound in through rich forest vegetation. Slim white trunks rose out of a matted tumble of creeper and bush, and up the trunks crept tendrils and creepers, lacing one tree to the next, or bunching up and tumbling down in cascades of swaying streamers. Sometimes the sunlight filtered through a crack in the roof of foliage, and lit up the recesses of a leafy grotto; sometimes a narrow alley ran between soft green walls; but, as a rule, the forest rose up dense and dark on each side of the line.

At length the train reached the brink of the escarpment, and, with all brakes on, began to swing down a zigzag descent on the face of a wooded mountain-side. Running down one turn of the zigzag, we could see the next turn sheer below us; we looked up into rich forest, and down over a rippling tumble of foliage, reaching to the valley beneath. Beyond the valley rose another range of hills, blurred by bluish haze. It was nearly dark when we reached the valley, and the sharp wind blowing drove us to seek out overcoats, for though close to the equator, we were about 6000 feet above the sea. Nainashana, with its beautiful lake and zebra-farm, we passed in the dark, and

Nakuro I should also have missed had I not got out there to shoot.

In itself uninteresting, merely a bundle of iron bungalows and Indian huts on a grassy hillside, Nakuro overlooks a lake about ten miles long and three or four miles wide. In the early morning, when the white mists glide off the water, the lake takes a soft pearl-like tint, tinged with pink, from the morning sun stealing over the eastern hills. On the bright green swamp opposite Nakuro there is a shimmer of gleaming white and pink from the flocks of flamingoes, and beyond the swamps rise dark tiers of hills, half veiled in blue haze.

The train leaves Nakuro at 3 A.M. The line runs up grassy slopes till it reaches the forest of the Mau Escarpment. These are more massive, and quite as beautiful as those of the Kikuyu range, and the line winds upwards between walls of clinging forest, every now and then crossing a deep ravine with a stream cascading under an arch of soft foliage. The line rises to 8300 feet on the Mau Escarpment; the morning air was bitterly cold, and on the open stretches that broke the expanse of forest the grass-blades sparkled with frost.

In the descent we ran through pleasant undulating wood and grass plains, then wound sharply down the side of wooded valleys, seeing the line curving away beneath us, and looking over waves of forest-clad hills, rolling away to distant ridges, dimmed by the blue haze that seems to lie on all the hills in East Africa.

This part of the line is not quite finished off yet, and every here and there you pass "diversions," made to ease a steep gradient or sharp curve, and near the line a little settlement of tents and tin shanties, where the engineers and coolies live, and a little village of bush huts, thrown up by the Kikuyu who have been brought up the line to work.

The readiness of the Kikuyu to work, even away from home, is solving the difficulty, hitherto felt, of obtaining unskilled labor, which led to the importation of so many Indian coolies. But now that the Kikuyu have shown themselves ready to work, the coolies are being shipped back to India.

By midday we were out of the forest country, and running, in great horse-shoe curves, down grassy valleys lightly sprinkled with scrub. The train gathered way down every straight stretch, then as it approached a curve there was a jarring of brakes, and it groaned slowly round the turn, then spurted again, only to slow down at the next curve. About three in the afternoon we got to the end of the descent, and ran out into a flat plain covered with a stubble of bush. Hills towered behind us, and a steep bluish range ran along on our right hand, while out on the left hand, and in front, the plain ran into a curtain of mist. We passed numbers of little villages set in thorn-zaribas, with natives in full undress standing staring at us. The bush was very monotonous, huge cactus-trees were the only feature of interest, and I was feeling very sleepy, when suddenly I caught a steel-like glint, and we swung round a turn, and ran along a stretch of grayish dirty water lapping a low reed-fringed shore, and drew up in a large railway enclosure. The sidings were lined with trucks and spare carriages, and the platform was a buzz of people: had it not been for the dark skins of the majority you might have fancied yourself anywhere but in Equatorial Africa. "All for the boat keep your seats, please!" and the train moved on, and ran on to a little stone pier, as if it had been a boat train at home. Alongside the pier was a miniature twin-screw liner; a gangway led to the deck; stewards showed us to our cabins; tea was ready in the saloon, which was lit by electric light and

cooled by electric fans. A companion led up to the promenade-deck, which was fitted out with deck-seats, life-buoys marked s.s. *Winifred*, brass binnacle, all complete—and this on a lake in Central Africa!

Port Florence lies at the head of Kavirondo Bay, a large shut-in gulf on the north-east shore of the lake. The place consists of the station, a few wooden Indian stores, and a few bungalows on the hill above the station. On the shore, on the slips, lay the sister-ship of the *Winifred*, just being completed for launching. The shores of the bay were hidden in mist that evening; the sun had left a dull red glow on the horizon in the west, and a few lights twinkled across the gray water from the native town of Kisumu opposite. Next morning the sunlight showed low bare shores, a few dhows and canoes moored near the beach, and a dirty yellow-gray expanse of water,—none of the rich tropical vegetation or vivid colors I had pictured. Had it not been Port Florence on Lake Victoria Nyanza, I should have thought it a dull uninteresting place. The only striking feature is the native market. A large circle of women squatted together, chattering, screaming, smoking long wood and clay pipes, and selling bananas and sweet-potatoes. Inside the circle a jostle of men carrying knobkerries, swaggering about, some with heads shaved, others with feathers stuck in matted hair, ears tricked out with beads or sticks through the lobe, and feathers in the ends of the sticks. Mingled with the natives were coast-boys in white clothes and red fezzes, and Indians in gaudy shirts. From all sides a babel of chatter, laughter, taunts, and abuse. We had to wait a day at Port Florence for the second portion of our train, which had got derailed at one place and blocked at another: such incidents are not uncommon as yet.

We sailed early next morning, and after a run past high hog-backed hills on one side and low bush-clad slopes on the other, left Kavirondo Bay behind about noon. The water was smooth and clear, sparkling in the sun, and stretching away unbroken to the horizon on the left. On the right lay a broken string of low white rock islands, with others showing up hazily beyond. In the evening we swung into a little bay between two low islands and anchored for the night, for as yet the lake is not supplied with light-houses, and the course to Entebbe lies through a tangle of islands. The scenery was quite English, meadow-land alternating with woods growing down to the water's edge; but in spite of their pleasant appearance, these islands are suffering terribly from sleeping-sickness, which is rapidly decimating the population.

We were off at daybreak next morning, and when I woke the steamer was running past a low strip of land, with rich woods clustering down to the shore, and reflected in a dark, faintly quivering fringe in the clear water of the lake. Every now and then a gap in the land gave a glimpse of a small silvery shield of water framed in a dark rim of small islands, and out on the other side low wooded specks broke the gleaming surface of the lake, some of the land being so low that the tufts of green seemed to rise out of the heat-haze on the horizon. About ten o'clock we swung into a little bay shut in by low hills, dark with rich vegetation, with a few red streaks of roads and clearings and a few thatched bungalows showing through the quilt of green foliage on the hillside. On an open space stood the Commissioner's residence, topped by a flagstaff, and down by the water was a rough jetty from which a launch puffed out to meet us, followed by a fleet of canoes, each paddled by twenty or thirty natives, their

dark muscles rippling in the sunlight as they swung the spade-shaped paddles. These canoes are not dug-outs, but sewn together with fibre, and all have a spike of wood running out from the keel in front, sometimes straight and pointed, as if it were meant for ramming, sometimes curved upwards like the end of a skate.

Entebbe is a delightful little place. Well-made roads, shaded by trees, run between bamboo fences enclosing bright well-kept gardens, and little bungalows with verandas supported by clustered pillars of bamboo. You look down on the blue sparkling waters of the lake, on the islands dotted over its surface, on the rich green of the woods standing out against the intense blue of the sky. If you climb the little hill at the back of the town you get a view of a rolling country of wooded hills, and valleys choked with high grass. It is hard to believe you are in the Africa of Speke and Grant, when you see the neat roads, the creaking ox-carts, the Englishmen and ladies in dog-carts and 'rickshas, the telephone and telegraph wires, the tennis-courts and cricket-ground, Indians riding bicycles, a row of busy Goanese shops, even a hotel, and below in the bay a little steamer lying at anchor. Even the natives look almost civilized. Here and there you will see a man in a belt of grass, or women dressed in bark-cloth; but, as a rule, all are well and neatly dressed in white, khaki, or bright cottons. A great contrast to the dress—or lack of it—of the East African tribes! But the Uganda natives are far ahead of the Kikuyu or Masai in intelligence and aptitude for progress. Excellent roads have been built by the natives from Entebbe to Kampala, and from Kampala over the interior.

Entebbe has one great attraction, if it has no other. On the slope of the hill a botanical garden has been started. The beds on the terraces at the

top, glowing with bright flowers and rich with every tropical plant, are full of attractions for the horticulturist and planter; but the ordinary sightseer will pass these by and plunge into the glorious wealth of vegetation at the bottom. You look up at rich vaults of foliage, carpeted by a soft depth of undergrowth, and supported by stately trunks nearly hidden by clinging creepers. You creep through dark leafy tunnels with an open glade of feathery palm-trees, whence the sunlight steals into a thicket of tangled bush and tendril, sending soft searchlights into the dark nooks, and lighting up the delicate lines of the leaves and the rich tints of green. The air is soft and steamy, and you can sit and smoke on a fern-grown trunk, and look lazily at a blue patch of the lake framed in a narrow lane of foliage.

Now that the steamer runs regularly, the volume of Uganda trade is increasing. The native products are being bought up and sent to the coast by steamer and rail. The new steamer is to tap the wealth of the southern shores of the lake, and the railway traffic is bound to swell tremendously in the next few months, as the trading possibilities are developed. The climate in Uganda is not very good for white settlers; but the richness of the soil is sure to lead to the growth of large plantations worked by native labor, as soon as the question of cheap and easy transport is settled by the reduction of freights on steamer and railway: at present they are too high to allow of experiments in planting. The Uganda natives are eager to learn from the missionaries; the country is thickly populated, so a large supply of intelligent labor is available, from which the planter could draw, not only his hand-laborers, but also his overseers and subordinate managers, who would be proof against the climatic diseases that would strike down Europeans.

From Entebbe the little steamer took us through a maze of islands to Kampala Port, which consists of a few thatch huts on the reed-girt shore of a little bay. Kampala itself is about nine miles inland, and is the old capital of Uganda, and the centre of the missionary societies and traders. I landed at Kampala and went up a path through thick banana-groves to a little hill, which gives one a view over a network of islands and narrow glittering channels stretching away to the horizon.

Among the many canoes that came off at Kampala Port there was one monster, paddled by forty young men and boys, which brought off the Prime Minister of Uganda, several of the Royal Family, and some leading members of the Court. The men were dressed in trousers, collarless shirts, and straw hats, all ragged and dirty, and the ladies in pink print dresses. One of the party acted as a kind of Cook's courier, and took them over the ship, explaining with much dramatic gesture the use of the various appliances on the ship. I met the party later starting back for Kampala—the old Premier and the princesses in a governess-cart drawn by some of the courtiers, while the rest trotted alongside.

From Kampala Port a run of a few hours through winding wooded waterways took us to Jinja, where, in a small bay of low slopes, a mud wall rings in a Government station of a few rough bungalow huts. There is apparently nothing striking in the bay, no rich scenery, nothing to catch the eye in the smooth and, as far as one can see, unbroken stretch of shore. But if you will follow a path up past the *boma*, you will find it dip steeply into an unsuspected valley, which must curve out of some hidden corner of the bay. Go down the valley and you will come on a river 200 or 300 yards wide, flowing in swift eddies out of a little

gulf in Jinja Bay, and then rushing over a 20-foot drop. In places the water curves smoothly over, and drops in an unbroken shoot into the pool beneath, dissolving there into clouds of spray; in other places the water is torn in its descent by a jutting rock, and leaps up and out over the drop in a tumble of foam. This is the source of the Victoria Nile, and if the Ripon Falls are not impressive in themselves compared to other well-known falls, yet they are interesting as the first swoop of the mighty river towards the north. Out of the lather of foam at the bottom of the Falls the Nile flows eddying and frothing between steep bush-lined banks, away into gently heaving country. From Jinja the *Winifred* ran back to Port Florence, stopping one night at Bagara Island, just long enough to allow several million flies to visit us, and occupy the greater portion of the ship. Not till we started again did we dare to dine. At Port Florence a train connected with the steamer, and fifty-one hours after losing sight of the lake we were in Mombasa again.

The trip up the railway and across the lake is sure to be greatly patronized by travellers before long. In a few days you see lands that have been explored only in recent times. Speke

discovered Victoria Nyanza in 1858, and visited it with Grant in 1861-62, but it was only the southern portion. It was not till the early 'Eighties that Thomson's fine efforts laid bare the mysteries of the country between the coast and the lake. And now you can see this country, lounging on leather cushions and sipping cool drinks, and cross the lake in a steamboat lit by electric light! But you will appreciate the country far more if you break the journey at some point and strike away from the railway with a caravan. You will feel the joy inspired by the sight of the vast waves of country, untouched by fence or made road; you will delight in the herds of game roaming on the plains; you will meet natives knowing as yet nothing of the virtues or vices of civilization—not caring about clothing, but looking you frankly in the face as one man should another. You will observe the possibilities of the vast extent of untouched land, of rich soil lying under a warm sun; and realizing that what you see is a fraction of what lies untouched here and in other parts of the Empire, you will return with a clearer and deeper conception of the vast heritage that has fallen to our race, and of the vast extent of the task that lies before it.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HUGO WOLF.

I.

"Mount Athos," says Strabo in his *Geography*, "is pap-shaped, and so lofty that the husbandmen on the summit are already weary of their labor (the sun having long since risen to them) when to the inhabitants of the shore it is the beginning of cock-crowing."

In too many cases, I am afraid, we are in musical matters like these "inhabitants of the shore"; the sun only dawns for us after it has shone for long enough upon the more fortunate occupiers of the mountain-summit. We have *Tristan* brought to us a generation after it is first heard in Germany; we hear of Tchaikovski after he is dead,

and for a time cling so tenaciously to his last work that we are practically ignorant of all the rest. About a year ago—in February, 1903—there died Hugo Wolf, a remarkable musician in general and the most remarkable of song writers, a composer who is to the song what Beethoven is to the symphony, Wagner to the opera, and Strauss to the symphonic poem. So far as I am aware, there was no discussion in this country of the man and his work after his death. An obituary paragraph did indeed appear here and there; and no doubt the fact that Wolf died in an asylum, wherein he had been confined for some time, may have roused a languid interest in one or two readers: but as regards any general interest in the man and his achievement he might as well have lived in Kamstchatka or Hawaii. A few of his songs have from time to time been heard in London, and some half-dozen of them—including the popular *Verborgenheit*—are probably in the hands of cultivated amateurs; but it is to be feared that to thousands of English lovers of music not only his work but his name is quite unknown. The lot of the song-writer is rather hard, if he rises at all above the average. The ordinary amateur will at first—though only at first, I think,—recoil in terror from the difficulties, both vocal and instrumental, of many of Hugo Wolf's songs; while eight professional singers out of ten could neither sing them nor understand them. This is no condemnation of the songs, though it is of the singers; indeed, one side-result that may be anticipated from Wolf's work is an improvement on the intellectual side of singing. The average vocalist will tell you that Wolf's songs are not "grateful" to the voice, that they are not "effective" with the audience, and make sundry other remarks about them of the kind we all know so well. Precisely the same things were said fifty

years ago of Wagner's dramatic music by singers who had been brought up to see no further than Italian opera; and time has proved that it was not Wagner but the singers who required to be altered. So will it be with Hugo Wolf: the chances are that if in another generation his songs present any difficulties to an intelligent singer, they will only be of the kind that any intelligent singer loves to meet and overcome.

II.

He was born on the 13th March, 1860, at Windischgratz—the fourth of eight children born to one Philipp Wolf, a man in modest circumstances. I have not been able to discover any mental disease or physical weakness in the family history that would account for the tragedy of Hugo's end. The first two children of his father's marriage did indeed die young; but on the other hand his elder brother Max is still living, carrying on the business of a merchant in Leoben. The truth seems to be that the breakdown of Wolf's intellect was the result of a life of mental strain and worry, of incandescent emotion and of complex thinking, carried on at a white heat, all in a frame perhaps delicately put together at the commencement. He received his first musical instruction in his father's house, and two or three schools did their best, between his tenth and thirteenth year, to give him the orthodox general education. But when he was about fifteen he declared strongly that he wished to embark upon a musical career; he was sent to the Vienna Conservatoire in 1875, dismissed in 1877 through some misunderstanding with a master, and thenceforward had no more schools, and no other teachers but those he found for himself in literature and art. He was a voracious reader, had brains and instinctive good taste,

and soaked himself, now and in the after years, in Goethe, Moerike, Kleist, Crabbe, Grillparzer, Hebbel, Ibsen, Sudermann, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Dickens, Mark Twain, Sterne, Tillier, Rabelais, Scott, Byron, Lenau and Heine. Music, too, in the spiritual as well as technical sense of the word, he probably learned by himself from the scores of the masters. Even when the boy did not possess a piano he studied Bach and Beethoven earnestly and enthusiastically. He learned much from Marschner and Berlioz, and, in the song, from Schumann. He was especially drawn to Schumann's settings of Eichendorff's songs; and when, in later life, he himself set some of these lyrics to music, he regarded his work as merely supplemental to that of Schumann. Franz he never greatly admired—except the *Gewitternacht*—for reasons which will be given shortly. In opera he was especially fond of Cherubini, Auber and Bizet; while in later years he was much pleased with the Cherry-Duet in Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz*.

But the one overwhelming adoration of his life was reserved for Wagner. When Wolf arrived in Vienna in 1875, the city was given up to an animated discussion of the rights and wrongs of Wagner's work. There was no more enthusiastic warrior on the Wagnerian side than this eager boy of fifteen. When, after much delay, *Tannhäuser* was given in 1875 at the Vienna Opera House, under Wagner himself, Wolf had at all costs to hear the work. The performance was to begin at half-past seven in the evening; at a quarter past three in the afternoon he was waiting outside the Opera House. He endured, we learn from a delightful letter he sent to his father, untold discomfort, and more than once would have been glad to get out of the crowd had it been possible; but he was in the seventh heaven from the moment he entered the theatre to the moment he left

it. So vigorously did he applaud, with his "Bravo, Wagner! Bravissimo Wagner!" that the amazed audience took even more notice of him than of the composer. Before Wagner left Vienna, Hugo Wolf managed, in the most expert way, to be introduced to him, and with delicious *naïveté* requested the great man to look over some of his compositions. Wagner got out of the difficulty with tact and *bonhomie*. "My dear child," he said, "I can pass no opinion upon your compositions, and just at present I am so exceedingly busy that I cannot even keep pace with my correspondence. Besides, I really don't understand anything about music." Then, as the boy begged to know whether Wagner thought he would ever arrive at anything, the great man said to him, very wisely, "When I was your age, no one could have said, from what I then wrote, whether I should go far in music. I have no time now even to hear you play me some of your things on the piano. When you are a bit older, and have composed some bigger works, if I happen to be in Vienna you may bring them and show them to me—although, indeed, I am no judge." It would have been interesting, had Wagner lived long enough to pass an opinion upon Wolf's songs, to have learned what he thought of this lyrical offshoot of his own music-drama.

From his fifteenth to his twentieth or twenty-first year Wolf had a very hard time in Vienna. He taught the violin and piano; but pupils were scarce and the remuneration not particularly good; and at one time he thought of emigrating to America. The wretched circumstances of his life allowed him comparatively little opportunity for composition. He was, however, all the while experimenting in various forms, including those of orchestral and chamber music; it was not until about 1878 that he realized his own

overwhelming bias towards the song. He had already made a number of excellent friends in Vienna—among them, I think, was Felix Mottl—who saw the promise there was in the ardent boy; and in 1881 an attempt was made to provide him with an assured means of subsistence. He was appointed second Kapellmeister at Salzburg, under Carl Muck, and took up his duties there in November, 1881. This was one of those Rabelaisian strokes of humor that the fates occasionally indulge in at the expense of the artist. He was the last man in the world for such a post. He had within him not only one of the fullest but one of the richest fountains of musical inspiration the world has ever known, and, in addition, he cared for no poetry but the best; so that he was soon bored to death when it came to grinding through light operas and operettas with the chorus of a small provincial theatre. His superiors recognized that he had musical gifts; but they gravely pronounced that as Kapellmeister to a theatre he "lacked energy and 'go,'" that he was *verträumt*, did not mix cordially with the other theatre people, and was not as punctual as he might have been in keeping his engagements. The whole thing, indeed, must have been a bitter farce to him. On one occasion, after a slight attempt to drill the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus in an operetta of Strauss (not Richard Strauss, of course), he uttered a sentiment that may be roughly translated, "To Tophet with this; let's have some *Tristan*;" and proceeded to play them huge extracts from that opera of his adoration. No doubt the people on the spot failed to appreciate the humor of this and similar situations, with the result that Wolf gave up his post in January, 1882, and returned to Vienna.

He was now rapidly maturing in intellect. His was a brain of more than average weight, exceedingly fine in its

perceptions, and with a passion for all things in art and life through which the big pulse beat. A poet and thinker little known in England—Heinrich von Kleist—was, perhaps, his favorite author; he was always reading the *Penthesilea*, and later on he began a symphonic poem upon the subject. It was not long before he got the opportunity of making some use of his culture. The Vienna *Salonblatt* appointed him, in January, 1884, its musical critic, a post which he held until 1887. The paper, I believe, circulates chiefly among the fashionable classes of the city; and Wolf's strong and acid writing must have seemed, among the generally "frivolous confectionery" of the rest of the journal, much like the irruption of a fanatical dervish into a boudoir. He was a young man of very decided tastes and a not less decided way of giving expression to them; indeed he wrote singularly well, with thorough technical knowledge, ardent enthusiasm for whatever he thought was great art, and abundant irony and invective for whatever he was convinced was not. It is one of the advantages of our comparative backwardness in music here in England that we do not take sides so absurdly as they do on the continent. We have practically no cliques here because we are not keenly enough interested in any one musician to feel murderous towards those who dislike him. We have our little preferences, of course, but on the whole we accept Wagner and Brahms and Tchaikovsky and Strauss with bovine impartiality; we maintain the open door in music as in other things. This would be a good sign if we were quite sure it indicated only our breadth and open-mindedness; but unfortunately it points more clearly to the poverty of our culture. It is hard to say whether it would not be better to know a little more, and have a more vivid interest in music, even if it betrayed us into be-

coming rabid partisans of one man and furious enemies of another. On the continent, music-lovers are more prone to group themselves under this banner or that. In Vienna, in the eighties, there was a strong Brahms clique that tried to make earth too hot for any composer whose ideals were not those of Brahms.¹ The main object of their loathing was of course Wagner; and it was for Wagner that Wolf broke many a valiant lance in the columns of the *Salonblatt*. Brahms he really disliked, sharing Nietzsche's opinion that that composer's music was infected with "the melancholy of impotence." On the other hand, he was drawn towards Bruckner, the more romantic symphonist, who was also resident in Vienna, where he found it difficult to get proper recognition for his music from the partisans of Brahms.

Wolf fought the eternal battle of the progressive against the reactionary, the illuminist against the obscurantist, the artist against the Philistine, with sharp weapons and a ruthless hand. Some of his invective must have been to his foes like the rending of their flesh by an angry bull-dog. A state of affairs in which Berlioz and Liszt were regarded as musical nonentities, and a Strauss Waltz, as he says, was thought more of than *The Damnation of Faust*, was bound to keep him in a state of constant pugnacity. Not that he was a mere partisan of one school against another. He was, it is true, repelled by most of Brahms' work, the intellectual world of which he felt to be absolutely opposed to his own; but he never hesitated to speak out his admiration of the music when he really did admire it, as in the case of some of Brahms' smaller works. In a fine criticism of the F major quintett (op. 88), in 1884,

* Brahms probably had more sense and more breadth than his partisans. According to Dr. Ernst Decsey, he admired Wagner,

he breaks out into warm praise: "Here," he says, "the imagination of the composer revels in picturesque images; there is no trace here of the chill November fogs that elsewhere hang over his compositions and stifle the warm call of the heart before it can come into being; all is sunshine,"—and so on, analyzing the changing moods of the quintett with abundant sympathy and insight. His main objection to Brahms was that strange surrender to gray discouragement in his works that is temperamentally repugnant to so many people. "The true test of the greatness of a composer," he said once, "is this—can he exult? (*ob er jubeln kann*.) Wagner can exult; Brahms cannot."

On the whole, his musical taste was as sound as it was catholic. I have said that he took up the cause of Bruckner as against Brahms and the Brahms worshippers; but he kept an open mind towards Bruckner, and criticized him with cool judgment and perfect detachment. "It is a deficiency on the intellectual side," he says, "that, notwithstanding all their originality, greatness, strength, imagination and invention, makes the Bruckner symphonies so obscure. Everywhere a will, a colossal purpose, but no satisfactory achievement, no artistic solution." On the whole, however, he thought Bruckner the biggest figure that had appeared in the symphony since Beethoven—an opinion in which he became more and more confirmed as time went on. For so-called "national musicians" he had not much enthusiasm, though he liked Glinka and Tchaikovski. Bolto's *Mefistofele* and Ponchielli's *Gioconda* he cordially detested. The latter composer, he said, had no originality; "he has a dozen physiognomies; his imagination has the and called his rival Bruckner the first symphonist of the day.

gait of a stubborn ass, that after every second step goes back upon the first." He warmly admired Berlioz and Liszt, and was fond of Chopin. On the whole we may say of his critical writing that it was excellent in itself, and particularly sound and broad-minded for a young man in his twenties.

All this time he had been unable to get any of his own music published. His letters about 1885 breathe lamentably his poverty and discouragement. On the 23rd of December of that year he writes to his brother-in-law, Josef Strasser, some melancholy and pathetic lines, regretting that he is so desperately poor that he cannot even send some little thing to enrich the Christmas tree of the Strasser children. There seems to have been some slight unhinging of the brain at this time, showing itself at present only in a little moodiness and unmanageability in his social relations, but very significant in the light of later events. In the summer of 1886 he went to stay with the Strassers, who had just had another infant inflicted upon the family. The bare notion of acting as godfather at the baptism of the child sent poor Wolf entirely off his balance. He disappeared one morning; nothing more was heard of him that day, but on the next a letter from him reached Strasser: "How gladly would I fall weeping on your neck, and on yours, Modesta" (Modesta was his sister). "I am horribly unhappy, and at the same time furious with myself. Pity me, for I now know surely that my fate is to upset all who love me and whom I love. It is unhappily not the first time that I have found myself in this condition of soul; that is just the saddest feature of it, and I have become convinced that the state of my mind is and will always be thoroughly unhealthy. What would I not have given to have done you the slight service of acting as godfather at the bap-

tism of your child! And, believe me, inwardly I was quite willing to do so; but then there whispered in my ear a devil (I harbor legions of them in me) that I should not do it, since that would bring grief to you. . . . And yet, at mid-day to-day would I indeed open my mouth and say to you that I am ready for anything, and this with joy, since I perceived your morose faces. . . . Now laugh at me, I beg you, my dear one, for you may search long enough through the world before you find such a magnificent specimen of a fool as your honorable brother-in-law, who loves you and your wife so much. Imagine, I had again taken the resolution to leave your house, for I appear to myself much too loathsome. I will not see you again to-day, for I cannot bring myself to look you in the face. Burn this letter, and don't refer to the episode again."

Evidently at this time there was a slight tendency to irresponsibility in his actions, even if there was no pronounced mental derangement.

He had, of course, now been writing for many years. He himself referred to 1878 as his "Lodl" in the song; almost every day at that time, he said, he composed a song, and occasionally two. It was in 1888, however, that the real Hugo Wolf found himself,—the Hugo Wolf that future generations will know as the master of the modern song. In that year he wrote his wonderful settings of fifty-three of Edward Moerike's poems, and of seventeen poems of Eichendorff. Between this year and the next came the fifty-one songs to words by Goethe—eight from *Wilhelm Meister*, thirty-one ballads, two songs from the *Westöstlicher Divan*, five from the *Schenkenbuch*, and thirteen from the *Buch Suleika*. The forty-four Spanish songs followed in 1889 and 1890; while between 1890 and 1891 he wrote the first set (twenty-two) of Italian

songs, and arranged some thirty of his songs for the orchestra. All this time he remained practically unknown to the world as a musician. A few people of discernment here and there were conscious of his power and originality; but he found it impossible to make much headway either with singers, publishers, or audiences. Most of the singers, even when they were well-intentioned towards him, probably did him as much harm as good by their renderings of his songs, the new spirit of which they generally failed to understand.

Between 1891 and 1895 he was very unhappy and profoundly discouraged, and seems to have composed little; whether there were any signs of mental trouble at this time I have been unable to discover. In 1895, however, he took up once more the idea of a light opera that he had had in his head since his twentieth year. The libretto was arranged for him by Frau Rosa Mayreder-Obermayer, from a Spanish story by Pedro d'Alarcon. Wolf was, apparently, not too well pleased with it at first, but he soon became exceedingly enthusiastic over it. He began the composition of the music of *Der Corregidor* in April, 1895, and finished it early in July, the whole opera being written in three months and nine days; on some days he would write for twelve hours at a time. The opera was produced on the 7th June, 1896, at Mannheim. It had a fair success, but Wolf saw at once the advisability of altering certain parts of it in order to make it more effective on the stage. The revised version was brought out at Strasburg and Prague in 1899, and performances soon followed in other towns.

From July, 1896, Wolf was provided with a home by some of his friends, and he was accordingly free to devote himself exclusively to his art. Under this new stimulus he wrote, in 1896, the

twenty-four lovely songs contained in the second *Italienisches Liederbuch*. These days of ease and gladness, however, were not destined to last long; already, apparently, the shades of intellectual night were closing round him. On 22nd February, 1897, exactly six years before his death—he appeared for the last time in public, at a *Liederabend* in Vienna, devoted to his songs. The audience was small but very enthusiastic; both artistically and financially Wolf was satisfied with the results of the evening. It was after this concert that his friend Michel Haberlandt suggested to him the founding of a "Hugo Wolf Society" in Vienna to help to bring his work before the public. Haberlandt told him frankly that they would act independently of him, sometimes, indeed, in opposition to him, for he was often his worst enemy—a remark which will evoke a sympathetic response from the bosoms of all who know how difficult it is to manage a young musician and to teach him the ways of the world. The plan was soon matured. (Meanwhile, on his birthday, 13th March, 1897—the last he was to spend in health—he played *Der Corregidor* through on the piano to a little circle of friends; the *séance* was three hours long.) Academic Vienna rose in horror at the idea of a Hugo Wolf Society, and the Wolf enthusiasts had the usual battle to wage with ignorance and detraction. The Society came triumphantly into being, however, on 22nd April, 1897. It has done incalculable good to Hugo Wolf's reputation and to music; it brought out his songs, grouped in handsome volumes, and so gave the public a chance of learning for itself, at first hand, how wide and rich and varied was the new kingdom this man had won for the art.

But for Wolf himself it was all too late; the tragic end was not far off now. For some time past there had been warnings whose import could not

be mistaken: he was subject to prolonged accessions of melancholy; at night he suffered either from insomnia or from agonizing dreams; by day he was often sunk helplessly in a consuming depression. It is from this epoch that the three Michel Angelo songs date; the terrible *Alles endet, was entsteht*, in particular, is an eloquent document upon the state of his mind in these its days of slow descent into the abyss. By 1897 the mischief must have developed enormously; one has only to look at a photograph of him, taken in 1896, to see how even at that time his brain had begun the running of its last course. There is the same fine, strong head, the same concentrated look, the same suggestion of depth and weight of brain as in the earlier portraits; but the eyes are inexpressibly pity-moving, and the lips seem to be revolting against the bitter taste of the ashes of disillusionment and frustration. The face still arrests us by its power; but one sees already that the noble mind is on the verge of overthrow. He looks at us like one condemned to death, gazing in stern melancholy upon the world before he takes his last leave of it. His features were always striking—the eye in particular, with its piercing, steadfast look, the firm and eloquent mouth, and the great dome of the forehead proclaiming the thinker; but I know nothing, among all the portraits of musicians in the nineteenth century, that comes home to one so forcibly as this photograph of 1896. The only things comparable to it are some of the latest portraits of Wagner, wherein the old fighter's face is softened by his triumph, and the imminence of death seems to light it up with a radiance altogether spiritual.

There was still in Wolf the desire to work; and about this time he began another opera, *Manuel Venegas*—founded, like *Der Corregidor*, upon a novel by Pedro d'Alarcon. This opera, how-

ever, he was unable to finish. One day in September, 1897, his friend Michel Haberlandt called on him, and was profoundly impressed by the wildness of his look when he opened the door. Wolf drew him into the room, and began to talk enthusiastically but confusedly of his work. Haberlandt besought him to put it aside for a time and seek rest and distraction somewhere; but Wolf eagerly insisted that he was feeling exceptionally well and strong and full of ideas. He sat down at the piano and played and sang the *Manuel Venegas* fragment with the deepest expression, the tears coursing down his cheeks. This seemed to compose him; when Haberlandt left, he had Wolf's promise to go and spend the following Sunday in the country with him. Early on the Sunday morning he presented himself at Haberlandt's house, pale, agitated, the mind wandering frenziedly. A terrible day followed; on the Monday—the 21st September—the poor brain seemed to be wholly overthrown, and his friends had him conveyed to an asylum.

From this he emerged some four months later—on the 24th January, 1898. For the previous two months, indeed, he had seemed to be almost his former self again; he had worked at his *Italian Serenade*, his symphonic poem *Penthesilea*, and other things, and had orchestrated two of his loveliest Spanish songs for use in the *Manuel Venegas*. He now undertook a tour in the South; his letters show it to have been not an altogether enjoyable one for him. At the beginning of March he reached Vienna, making plans for the future. For him, however, there were to be no more days of work and its delights. In the autumn his old enemy returned to him, this time dealing him a deadly blow. He was again removed to an institution; here the poor darkened soul wandered piteously among the shadows for another four years and a half. Then

kindly death came to him; and the greatest singer of beautiful things since Schubert, possessor of one of the finest brains that modern music has known, found release, on the 22nd February, 1903, from the world that had dealt so harshly and so ignorantly with him.

III.

In a pedestrian article like the present, designed mainly to interest the ordinary English music-lover in the personality of Hugo Wolf, it is impossible to discuss the man's work as a whole. Reserving for other occasions, then, the purely instrumental works and the delightful *Der Corregidor*—wherein the inspiration flows with a purity, ease, and continuity that remind us of *Die Meistersinger*—I will end this article with a brief purview of Wolf as a song-writer.

We get the key to his own tastes and ideals in his sharp criticism of the songs of Robert Franz. Of these he liked only the *Gewitternacht*. "He made it a reproach against Franz," says one of his friends, "that through his archaic leaning towards the four-part structure he had forced back into narrower fields the song-form that Schubert and Schumann had so greatly enlarged." The criticism may, in its haste, pass over the real charm and beauty of Franz, but, like all Wolf's criticism, it is true and incisive; and it throws a light on his own attitude towards the song. With him there was to be no harking back to the past, no hampering reverence of the great masters, no attempt to see things through the eyes of other men, no matter how big they might be. He brings to bear upon the song the same weight of *contemporary* thinking that Wagner brought upon the opera and Strauss has brought upon the symphonic poem; that is, while admiring to the fullest the expression that Schubert and Schumann

and the others were able to find for their own conception of life, he realizes that his own conceptions are different from theirs, that he lives in a different intellectual and emotional and social world, and that to give natural expression to the life of this world he must break the mould of the older form and re-cast the thing from top to bottom, as Wagner and Strauss and Ibsen have all had to do. And, as in the case of these other men, the sufficient justification of the new manner is simply the newness of the outlook.

The central point of Wolf's system is that the whole song—voice part and piano part—is conceived in a piece. He does not write "songs with piano accompaniment," any more than Wagner wrote vocal scenes with orchestral accompaniment. In Wagner at his best the conception is homogeneous throughout—the voice, the orchestra, the gesture, the stage-setting, are all inseparable parts of an indissoluble whole; take one of them away and the full effect of the others is lost. The æsthetic and psychological unity that Wagner achieved in the music-drama has been achieved by Hugo Wolf in the song. His work, indeed, is grounded on Wagner's—not by way of imitation, but by way of assimilation of certain principles of which Wagner was the first to see the main possibilities. It used to be said by some of the older school of critics that Wagner had made the orchestra more important than the voice. They had been used to the singer being the centre of attraction, and the orchestra "accompanying" him, as Wagner said, like a big guitar. When they found that not only the vocal part but the orchestral part was full of music, they foolishly assumed that because there was more than usual in the orchestra there must be less than usual on the stage; it never occurred to them that they were actually getting not less but more melody

in opera than they had ever had before. I have no doubt that a number of people will say of Hugo Wolf what their fathers used to say of Wagner. For in Wolf's songs the piano part (it is an error to call it the accompaniment: he himself, indeed, always styles his works "songs for voice and piano") acquires a pregnancy of meaning to which there is no parallel in any previous or contemporary song-writer. Time after time you can ignore the vocal part, and the piano part still constitutes a lovely piece of music, quite coherent in itself and apparently quite complete (see, for example, *Im Frühling*, *An den Schlaf*, and *Lebe wohl*, all in the Moerike volume). Here the hasty man may feel inclined to say that in this case the voice part must be superfluous—that Wolf must have conceived his songs as piano pieces, and added the vocal portion afterwards as best he could. It is not so, however, as you will find when you combine the vocal with the piano part. You will then see that while formerly the piano part seemed to be completely satisfying in itself, its meaning is enormously intensified by the verbal current that flows along with it, and that henceforth the two are inconceivable in separation. Here and there in Wagner we feel that, whatever he might say to the contrary, the composer had in the first place written a certain thing as an orchestral piece, afterwards forcing the words to go along with it—which is the impression a great many of us have of Isolde's *Liebestod*, for example. This is a feeling we rarely get with Hugo Wolf. Examine such a song as *Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden* (in the *Italiänisches Liederbuch*) and you will see how absolutely organic is the connection between voice part and piano part. The one is not simply plastered on the other and induced to fit where it will; the whole conception is one and indivisible. In *Nun bin ich dein*, again (in the *Span-*

isches Liederbuch) or *Auf einer Wanderung* (in the Moerike volume), though the one figure is kept going more or less persistently in the piano, the vocal melody is never the slave of it. Now and then, perhaps, one suspects that Wolf adheres too closely to the figure with which he begins—does not vary it and break it up sufficiently; but I doubt whether the criticism really holds good. His plan, in songs of this kind, is to fix the general atmosphere of the words, as it were, in a suggestive piano phrase, to keep this going practically all through the song with comparatively little change, and to throw various lights upon it by an exceedingly skilful and delicate manipulation of the voice part. Look at the piano part alone, and you may possibly feel, at times, that it is capable of more development than Wolf gives it; but I think Wolf's reply to a criticism of this kind would have been that he was perfectly aware of it, but that he chose to fix it as he did as a kind of permanent background, across which there flit the infinitely subtle *nuances* of feeling expressed by the voice.

It is only after a long familiarity with his songs that we realize how new and how consummate was his sense of vocal rhythm. Recall the flexibility of the plastic shapes into which Richard Strauss fashions his orchestral speech, transport these to the voice in combination with the piano, and you get the art of Hugo Wolf. I once suggested that in Strauss the poetry of music had given place to the prose of music; in place of the old regular, even structure and rectangular balancing of phrases we have a mode of speech that flows on more continuously, halts where it likes, takes up the rhythm again where it likes, substituting a more complex and more daring beauty of line for the simpler and more timid line of classical music. We have the same phenomenon in Hugo Wolf.

Strauss's avoidance of the square-cut musical paragraph is matched by the absolute freedom and ease of Wolf's musical sentences. Again I can only compare the change from the methods of his predecessors to a transition from the rhymed stanza of set shape and dimensions to natural and flexible prose, or to the free verse-structure that we have in some of Henley's poems, in Whitman, in some of Traherne's work, or in Gabriele d'Annunzio's *Francesca da Rimini*. I do not for a moment mean to try to discredit the other kind of writing; it also has its beauties, and the palate that would be insensitive to the charm of the rhymed stanza would, of course, be a most imperfect poetical or musical organ. I only wish to point out that the evolution from the regular to the irregular sentence is as perfectly natural a one in music as in poetry, accounting as well for the change from Mozart to Strauss or Wolf as for the change from Popean neatness to the blank verse of Shelley, Wordsworth and Keats. It may be that before long there will be a reaction from this irregularity, as there has been from the previous regularity; and that just as later poets like Tennyson have shown what subtly gradated and varied rhythms can be got out of the rhymed stanza, so some later musician may intoxicate us with the new beauties he can evoke from the set and balanced musical phrase. If this should come, well and good; meanwhile it is our duty to appreciate the rich and copious effects that the present day men are drawing from the supple rhythms they employ.

I have mentioned two points in which Hugo Wolf makes a quite exceptional figure in the history of the song—the unusually intimate connection he has established between the voice part and the piano part, and the wonderful rhythmic ease and naturalness of his speech. It only remains to say that

on the purely expressive side his art is extremely emotional and extraordinarily wide in its range. No other songwriter has compassed anything like so wide a circle of interests as he. Strauss runs him close with his hundred songs, many of which are among the most original and most beautiful things the world has ever seen; but Strauss's songs, though they would represent a decent life's achievement for another man, are after all only a bye-product of his amazing fertility, little overflows of feeling that he did not know where else to use. The greatest volume and whitest heat of Strauss's thoughts go into his orchestral works. Wolf, concentrating all that is best of him upon the song, packs it with a wealth and variety of thinking and feeling that in other men would have sought expression in the larger forms. Hence the power of his singing, its grip, its range.

A ballad like *Prometheus* or *Der Feuerreiter* contains such a volume of mental energy as was never put into any ballad before; while even in the smaller things—yes, even the smallest of them—we feel that we are watching the cerebation of a man of extraordinary psychological insight. He has greatly widened the scope of the song by showing triumphantly how it can mate itself with the most unpromising subject; and, with the rarest of exceptions, whatever he takes up he treats with incisive convincingness. In *Das verlassene Mägdlein* he has painted a singularly pathetic picture of a poor little maidservant getting up in the cold morning to light the fire, and thinking of the faithless lover of whom she had dreamt in the night. Examine this song carefully and you will realize the consummate art of it—its faultless suggestion of the cold gray atmosphere of the poem, its subtle gradations of feeling, its pure pathos and big humanism. Who else could set such a

song—but Strauss—I do not know;² I am quite certain no one else could make of it what Wolf has made of it. But indeed these volumes of his are the richest treasury of song bequeathed to us since Schubert—the charming and profound and passionate reflections upon life of a great artist and a great man. His rare faults—of which the

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chief is an occasional tortuosity of harmonic sequence—are, at this time of day, not worth dwelling upon. It is much more to the point that those who realize what changes Wagner and Strauss have made in the map of music should also realize that the name of Hugo Wolf is inseparable from theirs.

Ernest Newman.

THE MATING OF TRYPHENA.

A PASTORAL.

I.

The sea-fog, which through the day had drifted up from the adjacent coast, had increased in density until the low-lying lands were hidden in a vapory curtain. On grass and bramble and hedge hung heavy beads of moisture, and from the tall elms there was an irregular patter like the first drops of a thunder-shower, whilst a few leaves that had survived the October gales surrendered to the weight of moisture and drifted down, silently, as befitted the dead, to the grave which the Earth Mother provides for all.

In the upland fields where there was the ghost of a wind it was clearer, though now and again, like huge drifts of smoke, would come masses of gray mist, blotting whole fields from vision, and striking the loiterer with a death-like chill. It was a day of cold and gloom and damp, infinitely depressing, and fit occasion for thoughts the most melancholy and pessimistic.

But there was some one in the zone of fog whose spirit held its own against the depressing influences of this November gloom; for now and again a cheery whistle, broken by a snatch of song, penetrated the fog, accompanied

² Schumann's setting (Op. 64, No 2) does not count.

by a strange click, click, of steel against steel at momentary intervals monotonously regular.

Presently came a gust of wind, rolling the envelope of fog before it, and laying a wide field bare to vision. In a corner of this field a few sheep were penned together by a line of hurdles that formed the base of a triangle with the two hedges, and close by worked the man whose spirit rose superior to the depression which seemed to have conquered the world. Regardless of everything, he worked without haste and without indolence, and watching him, the click of steel which had sounded so insistently through the mist was explained. The field had borne a huge crop of roots, and he was busy dressing these in the orthodox fashion. His hands were shielded from the cold by a great pair of leather gauntlets, and for offensive arms he had a short bar of iron pointed at one end, and a bill-hook. He transfixed each root with the iron, and held it whilst he dressed it with the bill; then with the back of the latter he gave the iron a vigorous tap, and the root rolled off, to swell the heap which had grown steadily through the day. He worked evenly on until the growing dusk added to the gloom of the fog. Then he stretched himself, looked at the patient

sheep nibbling roots without the relish of hunger, and remarked, as much to them as to himself, "'Tis most time to be going whome."

Notwithstanding his soiled attire, rough leggings, and clumsy boots and gauntlets, as he stretched himself out of the slouch incidental to his occupation, he showed himself a magnificent specimen of rustic manhood, taller than most men, broad in proportion, and with a face of that faultless symmetry frequently to be met with among Western children of the soil, and said to be a heritage from an earlier Celtic race. His stretch finished, he tossed a few undressed roots over the hurdles to the already surfeited sheep; then, picking up his tools, and the miniature barrel that had held the cider with which he had refreshed himself through the afternoon, he stalked off across the field with a long and somewhat heavy stride.

His course took him down the hill to the lane at the bottom, where the fog was thicker than in the uplands, and as he climbed the stile from the field to the lane there reached him the muffled sound of wheels. After pausing a moment and listening intently to assure himself from which direction the sound came, he began to stroll slowly down the lane. The sound of wheels drew nearer, whilst the man frequently turned his head, but could see nothing for the fog; then the moist veil was broken by a horse and trap, with a ruddy-faced country girl as driver.

When she reached the man, she brought the horse to a standstill, and in a tone of one who asks a needless question, to which the answer is a foregone conclusion, inquired:

"Will 'ee have a lift, Reuben?"

The man nodded, and, throwing his tools and cider-flash into the bottom of the trap, mounted by the side of the girl. Then they began to move slowly down the lane. For a moment or

two there was silence, then the man asked: "'Ave 'ee had a good market to-day?"

"Tolerable. Butter's up dree-ha'pence a pound."

Silence again, then another question. "Any news?"

"Noa!" was the laconic reply.

The silence became intense, and the man glanced at his companion's rosy face, then slipped off the gauntlet from his right hand. The girl had a fair waist, and not to use the opportunity seemed a piece of folly. A market-trap has many uses, and not the least of them is the chance it offers of a little quiet courting to a willing couple. So, quietly and unobtrusively, the arm slid round. The girl made no objection, but settled herself with a little sigh of content—the arm was so much more comfortable than the hard, unpadded back of the seat.

Seated in the trap, the man was head and shoulders above the girl, and presently he bent towards her as if to get a better view of her face. The girl kept her eyes glued on the horse's back until the man whispered:

"Only one, Tryphena."

Tryphena looked round like a cautious maid. Only the parallel lines of the hedges were visible, surrounded by an impenetrable wall of fog. They had the world to themselves, so Tryphena's lips puckered to a red rose, and the man had his desire.

Even then he continued to look at her steadily, as if one had but whetted his appetite for more, then he stooped and whispered again.

The girl laughed teasingly. "But that would be two," she said, "and you said only one."

"Zecond thoughts be allus best," he retorted.

Though she laughed at his clumsy wit, it was clear that in the main she agreed with him, for a moment later she lifted her face to his again. But

the slip between the cup and lip is proverbial, and that kiss was destined never to be taken, for in the very act they were interrupted. A number of cows plunged down the slippery road from a field, almost colliding with the horse, and a hoarse and angry voice cried from the gate:

"Dall et all, there! Look where yew be driving to!" A moment later the same voice shouted in astonishment, "Well, dash my buttons!"

"'Tes father!" said Tryphena hurriedly, and Reuben slipped his arm to a less comfortable position.

The horse, at the first tug of the reins, had come to a standstill, and Tryphena's father surveyed the pair with angry eyes.

"Well, what be the meaning o' this?" he asked, without specifying what "this" included.

The girl nudged her lover to be silent, and, in a voice as matter-of-fact as she could make it, replied, "Oh, I met Reuben up to the zix-acre vield, and was just giving en a lift."

"Just givin' en a lift, was 'ee?" retorted her father, in tones elaborately sarcastic. "An' 'e wasn't a-kissin' 'ee, was 'e, you shameless maid? I zeed 'en wi' my own eyen; an' yew looking zo well after the hoss that 'e came terr'ble near killing one o' the cows. 'Tes useless vor 'ee to contradict I. Get down an' drive the beasts whome; I'll bring the cart along when I've a-spoke my mind to Reuben Lanning."

Whispering an appeal to Reuben, the girl obediently climbed down from the trap, and, following the cows, was soon lost in the mist; but the man kept his seat. Tryphena's father waited until she was out of sight, then he turned to Reuben.

"An' now, Mister Reuben Lanning, I'll trouble 'ee to get down from my cart."

Reuben Lanning was not a fool, but he could not resist the temptation to

exasperate the angry little man in the road.

"Why, Mr. Hunt, I thought I did hear 'ee zay as 'ee had zomething to zay to I."

"Zo I have! zo I have!" shouted Mr. Hunt.

"Then, vor zure, 'twould be simpler if 'ee was to climb into the cart, an' zay et while we do drive down to the corner. 'Tes cold to stand argifyng to-day."

Mr. Hunt went nearly purple with rage, and stood there sputtering for a moment, unable to articulate clearly. Then he shouted:

"Get down, yew impident rascal, an' never let me catch 'ee riding in my cart or philanderin' wi' my darter again, or zo zure as Chris'mas I'll have the law on 'ee. That a man should dare to ax me to get into my own trap!" he ejaculated, by way of afterthought.

Reuben Lanning still kept his seat in the trap, and surveyed the angry little man with a smiling eye.

"Then 'ee won't have me to keep company with Trypheny?" he asked.

"Noa, I won't; an' if I do catch 'ee about the dairy, I'll set the dogs loose on 'ee—I will, zo zure as a gun."

"An' 'ee won't drive me down to the corner, Mr. Hunt?"

"Noa, I won't; I telled 'ee zo already," shouted the exasperated Mr. Hunt?"

"Then vor zure I'll have to drive myself," said Reuben coolly, adding, "Twouldn't be safe vor me to get out o' the cart. You're such a violent little man, Mr. Hunt, that 'twould never do to risk et. Good afternoon!"

And picking up the reins he began to drive down the road, calling over his shoulder, "I be mortal zorry 'ee won't ride, but I'll tie up the hoss to the gate-post."

For a moment the dairyman watched the disappearing cart as if he could not believe his own eyes. Then he

started to run, shouting, "Woa, mare! Woa!"

But the mare was homeward bound, and Reuben shook the reins, so that Mr. Hunt's pursuit became a mere vanity, and he was soon left behind in the misty lane.

II.

For a month after the incidents recorded above, Tryphena's father and Reuben Lanning did not meet face to face, which in ordinary circumstances, considering how small a parish Larkchurch is, would be somewhat surprising. It must be confessed, however, that Mr. Hunt was partly responsible for this, as on one or two occasions, when such a meeting had seemed inevitable, he had directly turned aside, and once in desperation had lain concealed behind a hedge whilst the stalwart young laborer had stalked by.

Deep in his mind there was a conviction that he had been made "a girt vool of by thic young rascal"; but since John Hunt "couldn't a-bear to look foolish in the eyes of the parish," he had swallowed his anger and maintained a judicious silence, even when in the bosom of his family. Reuben also, regretting the folly which had only exasperated a man whom he really desired to conciliate, had kept a quiet tongue, so that the full tale of that afternoon was known only to the two chief actors. Even Tryphena did not know; for though she and Reuben had met secretly on several occasions, she had gleaned nothing beyond the fact that her father had "a-talked a bit wild." But the inevitable meeting, long deferred, came in January, when all the best ploughmen of the parish gathered at Monckton Farm for the annual ploughing match. A fine piece of grass-land with a slight hill in it had been chosen for the contest, and the morning of the New Year brought a

dozen ploughs and men, each with the accompanying pair of horses, and among them came Reuben Lanning and, with the spectators, Tryphena's father.

It was a ploughman's day in more senses than one: a sky of leaden hue, with not a glint of sun from horizon to horizon, dry and with a touch of frost in the air that made the blood tingle; a dull, cold day to many people, but to the horses and the men, upon whom the strain of labor fell, an ideal day. The plots were already marked and numbered, and at nine o'clock the contest began.

The soil, slightly clayey, was moist, but not sodden, and afforded ample scope for a display of the ploughman's art, which is much more a craft than many of those employments upon which dwellers in towns pride themselves. To see a good ploughman strike the coulter of a "swing" plough into a favorable soil, judging the depth to a nicety, and then to watch him travel across the field, straight as an arrow, the soil curling from his share in a beautiful dark wave, is to understand what a measure of skill is required for this earliest act of husbandry. Groups of farmers and laborers stood at the extreme points where the furrows ended and commenced, commenting and offering advice; and this buzz of talk, with the cries of the men encouraging their horses, and the crisp rustle of the soil as it turned from the blade, were the only sounds that broke the rustic quiet.

Scarce a couple of furrows had been cut before the small group that had stood to watch Reuben across the field began to increase, so early was it evident who excelled in skill. The regularity of line in his furrow, the uniformity in its depth, and the shapeliness of the ridge (all points considered by the judges) won praise from all the spectators, whilst the cleanness of his start and finish put the result be-

yond question, if he could maintain the excellence of his work.

To the farming mind his work was a picture; but the man himself, with his sweating horses, the smoke of their breath in the frosty air like a nimbus about their heads, had an element of the picturesque very noticeable to eyes that found no pleasure in his furrows. Though he bent to the handles of the plough and something of his height was thus lost, as he stalked carefully down the field behind his great shining horses, ruddy-faced, and with a few beads of sweat on his brow, so earnest in his task that his eyes never lifted once from the furrow the share was carving in the sward, he seemed an embodiment of all that was dignified and great in labor, whilst by the way in which he brought his horses round at the end of the furrow, with words of encouragement and coaxing instead of the shouting and hard swearing used to the same end by some of his fellows, a wise spectator would have judged that he had that gentleness which often goes with great strength. Looking on him, you knew him for a man; and, set thus in his native fields, at the task to which he was as truly born as the poet is to his rhymes, he seemed part of a general fitness of things that commended itself to the beholder's mind.

Some sense of this struggled with the bitterness and rancor that was in Dairyman Hunt's mind as he, moving from one competitor to another, stood to watch Reuben at work. At last his admiration drove him to ungrudging praise.

"Well done, Rube! Well done, bwoy! That be virst-rate!"

Reuben was at the end of a furrow wiping the moisture from his brow, and he smiled with pleasure at this praise from Tryphena's father. Also he accepted the olive-branch thus held out.

"Thank 'ee kindly, Mr. Hunt. I be pleased to hear *yeu* zay zo, for I know

you'm a better judge of a vurrow than most."

Then after this adroit piece of flattery—for flattery it was—he turned quietly to his horses again and moved slowly across the field. He had seen Tryphena walking along with a friend, and did not wish for a meeting with her at that moment, with the dairyman standing by. When he reached the end of the furrow he noticed that she was standing by her father's side, and so purposely delayed the return journey. A small portion of the ridge of one of his furrows had broken with its own weight, destroying the symmetry of his work, and, following the practice permissible on such occasions, he stepped carefully over his work, and, stooping, patted the broken ridge into shape with his hands. The dairyman watched him for a moment, then moved along to inspect the work of the other competitors, Tryphena following. But as she went Reuben saw her head turn in his direction, and waved his hand. An answering wave sent him back to his horses with renewed determination to win the prize.

By three o'clock all the ploughmen had finished their tasks, and half an hour later the judges' decision was made known to the competitors, assembled in the parish schoolroom. The vicar was in the chair, and stated, after a somewhat rambling speech, that he had great pleasure in announcing that "the first prize, consisting of two pounds in gold and a padded basket chair, was given to our young parishioner, Mister Reuben Lanning, whom he would invite to come forward and receive the gold and occupy the padded chair which they saw before them on the platform."

That the award was a popular one was shown by the applause and hand-clapping which greeted it, and which was renewed when Reuben, attired now in Sunday raiment, the blood

deepening under the tan of his face, and feeling mighty uncomfortable, went forward and took his chair upon the platform. From that point of vantage he saw Tryphena nodding and smiling at the back of the room, and straightway began to feel more at his ease.

There were other prizes—viz., one pound sterling and a cuckoo clock, ten shillings and a pair of china dogs (spaniels), fiveshillings and a set of jugs, and, lastly, the inevitable leg of mutton. The fortunate winners of these having stumbled forward to receive their well-earned honors, there was another speech, this time from the Chairman of the Parish Council, a burly farmer, who rose as he said "to move a vote of thanks to our worthy vicar," but who, knowing more about stock-keeping than speech-making, ended by inadvertently proposing his health, and, puzzled somewhat by the laughter and applause this mistake provoked, immediately called upon Reuben Lanning, as representative of the winners, to second the motion. This he did with brevity that should prove a bright example to the more prolix members of the parish.

"Friends, I second the vote wi' great pleasure."

After this had been applauded, and the meeting had expressed its gratitude to the chairman in the approved fashion, the audience dispersed, some to their homes, some to the village alehouse to grow almost excited over descriptions of how past fields were won.

Outside the schoolroom Reuben ran against Mr. John Hunt, and set down his chair in the road that he might take the hand which the older man magnanimously offered to him.

"I congratulate 'ee, Reuben Lanning. 'Ee deserves the chair, 'ee do, vor zure. Those was as terr'ble vine vurrows as ever I did zee, an' I've a-zeed many—I've a-zeed many."

Reuben took the chance offered him.

"Thank 'ee kindly, Mr. Hunt; 'tes real good of 'ee to zay zo. An' if 'ee'll permit me I should like to zay how zorry I be vor that little joke I did play upon 'ee t'other day."

"Don't 'ee mention it, Reuben; don't 'ee mention it. Bwoys will be—"

"An' if 'ee'd be so good as to let me come up and zee Trypheny zometimes I should be terr'ble obliged."

But on that point Mr. Hunt was adamant.

"That be a hoss of another color. I couldn't hear ov et; I couldn't hear ov et nohow."

"But," Reuben urged, "I be a-coming on. I be a man ov substance, an' be thinking ov taking a li'l—"

The elder man interrupted him with laughter that went to the younger's heart and once more set him against him.

"Ha! ha! A man ov substance! Two pounds an' a basket chair, I d' suppose. Oh, yes, you be a-coming on, vor zure you be. But I couldn't hear ov et, nohow. I don't mind 'ee having a ride in the li'l cart, but 'ee can't have Trypheny, not at all, not at all." And, shaking his head, the dairyman passed down the unlighted street.

Reuben stood and watched until he passed the lighted window of the post-office, which was also that of the village baker's. Then he muttered to himself, "The wold quaddle!" and a moment later lifted the chair and went to his home.

Two hours after, he was talking to Tryphena at the end of the lane that goes down to Manor Court dairy.

"'Teddent no use, Trypheny. 'E was zo zoft as butter till I mentioned 'ee, then 'e was as hard as stones. I tried to tell en how I've a-spoke vor Lankbridge Dairy, an' how 'tes promised me, but 'ee wouldn't hear me; zo us'll just ha' to goa an' be married wi'out

zo much as a by-your-leave to en. I've to move into the dairy on Lady Day, an' as the day before be market day, an' yew, my dear, 'll be to Axminster, us'll be married there by special licence up to the Independent Chapel."

Tryphena, knowing her father well, consented to this bold and vigorous course on one condition.

"But 'ee must speak to en again virst, Reuben, an' try an get en in the mind; an' then if he won't, I'll marry 'ee where and when 'ee do like, vor I d' think a maid have a right to a mind of her own on such things."

Reuben agreed to make one more trial. Then, as Tryphena said she must be popping along, he kissed her, and she popped along.

III.

It must be put to Reuben's credit that he did indeed make another real and whole-hearted attempt to win Tryphena's father to his side.

Meeting him some three weeks later in the little cart, two miles out of Larkchurch, Reuben, who had been on business connected with the dairy of which he was shortly to be the tenant, gave him, the time of the day, and very humbly asked for a ride "zo far as the post-office."

"Get up an' welcome, my bwoy," said Mr. Hunt, who was in a genial mood, being indeed a little under the influence of cider fortified with "the least drop ov gin."

Reuben climbed into the cart and listened patiently to a wholly fictitious account of how the narrator had won three first prizes at ploughing matches in the days of his youth; then, when about a mile and a half from Larkchurch, he cautiously broached the subject nearest his heart.

"How's Tabitha?" (Tabitha was Tryphena's elder sister.)

"Pretty middling, thank 'ee."

"An' Trypheny?"

"The zame; indeed, I mit zay her be terr'ble well, thank 'ee. Now, the victuals that maid do put away, to be zure!" He dropped into meditation, from which Reuben's next words effectually aroused him.

"I've a-been thinking lately of coming up to zee 'ee about Trypheny again, Mr. Hunt. Us want to be married, an' I've a-took—"

"Not another word, Reuben Lanning," bellowed his companion. "I've a-spoke my mind on that b'fore, an' I haven't a-changed it—I haven't a-changed it."

"But, Mr. Hunt—" Reuben protested.

"I won't hear 'ee," shouted Mr. Hunt. "Do 'ee take me vor a weather-cock, to be blown about by every wind ov argument?"

"Noa, I don't take 'ee for a weather-cock, Mr. Hunt; but—"

"Zo 'ee won't stop et, won't 'ee?" interrupted the dairyman. "Won't stop et when I tell 'ee? Woa, mare!"

He tugged at the reins, and the mare obediently came to a standstill. With tipsy gravity he pointed to the road with the whip.

"Get out!" he said. "An' never git into my l'l cart no more! I won't have 'ee argifyng me."

Angry blood flamed in Reuben's face for a moment, then he gave a short laugh, and jumped down into the road. Mr. Hunt whipped up his mare and drove away, leaving him standing there. He looked after the receding vehicle, then he said to himself, "That d' zettle et. Trypheny can't zay I haven't a-spoke to him vair."

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So it fell out on the day before Lady Day, John Hunt, dairyman, of Manor Court Dairy, strolling up the lane in search of a couple of young porkers that had strayed, was astonished out

of measure to meet his "li'l cart" returning from market with only one of the village youths in charge.

"Bob-a-dies, young man! What be 'ee a-doing wi' my li'l cart?"

"I've a-drove it whome for Trypheny, Mr. Hunt; an' please 'ee've to give I zixpence vor doing ov it."

"Give 'ee zixpence?" shouted Mr. Hunt. "Dash my buttons ef I do. Speak man! What be the meaning ov this? an' where's Trypheny to?"

"Why, haven't 'ee heard, Mr. Hunt? There've a-been gay doings up to Axminster to-day, an' I expects Trypheny is where her ought to be—by the zide of her own lawful wedded husband."

"By the zide of her own lawful wedded husband!" repeated the dairyman in astonishment. "Be the man mazed? Speak up, ye dunderhead, an' zay what 'ee do mean, sharp. Speak up, I tell 'ee, an' don't zit there a-jawin' like a vool."

Thus admonished, the youth spoke up.

"Wall, et do zeem as you don't know, dairyman, as how your Trypheny was a-married to Reuben Lanning at the Independent Chapel to Axminster no later nor this very noon. Gilt doings there was too. All the market volk was there, and Mr. Vosper down to the zeed shop was vair sold out o' chicken rice, by reason o' the run on et vor the wedding, it being cheap, 'ee zee, an' more decent to be a-drowed at a new-wedded couple than that which be vood vor good Christian volk. And there was a—"

"What be 'ee a-tellin' me, man?—that our Trypheny's married?"

"That be et, Mr. Hunt. 'Ee've a-bit the nail exactly, as the pa'son would zay. I be just a-trying to tell 'ee that."

"But, man alive, she can't be. There haven't a-been no banns."

"Noa. They was specially licensed. Do cost a terr'ble mort o' money, by

all accounts; but they was, any way, and they be man an' wife now; an' Trypheny—Mrs. Lanning, as I mit fitly zay now—after all the rice-drawing an' health-drinking by the market volk, did come to I an' zay, 'Now, Jan White, you drive whome the li'l cart, an' teake this purse to father wi' the market money in et, an' zay, wi' Mrs. Lanning's compliments, an' ef 'e do like to walk over an' nibble a bit ov weddin' cake an' drink a glass ov sherry we'll be glad to zee en.'"

He paused whilst he felt in his pocket for the purse; then, handing it to Mr. Hunt, he continued: "There's the purse; I've a-given et to 'ee now, an' Trypheny—Mrs. Lanning, I should zay—particularly zaid as I was to tell 'ee to give I zixpence vor drivin' the mare whome."

The dairyman disregarded the hint. "Where be they a-living to?" he asked.

But the man was obdurate. "Give I the zixpence virst, an' then I'll tell 'ee, Mr. Hunt."

Mr. Hunt almost flung the sixpence at him. "Hurry, you dunderhead, an' answer! Where be they a-going to live to?"

"Why, up to Lankbridge Dairy, to be zure! Hadn't 'ee a-heard? Reuben have a-bin coming on lately, an' having zaved a tidy zum, Mister Bishop was pleased to let en have the cows.¹ They be about whome now, having gone round the lower road."

A sound of distant cheering came across the quiet fields.

"Yees, there they be, vor zure. That be the village a-shouting them welcome, Mr. Vowler, to the post-office, having a-sent his bwoy on one o' them durned bicycles to give them the news an' bid the volks be ready."

Mr. Hunt, realizing the facts at last, was climbing into the little cart. "Get

¹ In Wessex the farmer frequently "lets off" the dairy to a dairyman, who pays rent for the cows as the farmer does for his land.

out, you blockhead!" he said to the messenger. The man obeyed on the instant, almost tumbling over the side of the cart in his haste; then Mr. Hunt, between astonishment and anger, drove the little mare as he had never driven her before.

Lankbridge farm and dairy lie just outside the village, and as he drove up to the gate and along the rough cart road he became aware of what, for Larkchurch, was a considerable concourse of people, and saw Reuben Lanning standing on a milking-stool outside the dairy-house, Tryphena by his side. Reuben was making a speech; but when the people became aware of the cart some one shouted:

"Dree cheers vor Mr. Hunt!"

Reuben broke off the speech to lead them, and they were given heartily. This reception disarmed the dairyman. He could not run contrary to the popular feeling; and, after all, Reuben was of his own class, now no longer ranking as a laborer. So when Reuben shouted across the crowd, "Get down, Mr. Hunt—father, I should zay—an' drink Mrs. Lanning's health!" he shouted in return, "Zo I will! Zo I will!"

Some one handed him a "God-forgive-me" full of cider, but Tryphena interposed.

Longman's Magazine.

"Not in zider, father. Tie up the hoss to the gate-post an' step into the house, an' 'ee shall drink our health in sherry."

Mr. Hunt tied up the horse and stepped inside. He took the glass of sherry and drained it at a gulp. A second glass and a third, and he grew affable.

"Yew be too sharp for me, Reuben, too sharp. But, man, why didn't 'ee tell me about the dairy? Dash my buttons, I'd a-never have refused 'ee the maid if I'd a-known."

"But I did tell 'ee, Mr. Hunt—leastways, I tried, but 'ee wouldn't hear—"

"There 'ee goa, argifyng again. But there, 'ee be welcome to the maid, 'ee be welcome."

"Thank 'ee, Mr. Hunt. Thank 'ee, kindly."

A pause followed, during which Tryphena pushed the cake towards him.

"Noa more cake, Trypheny, but I'll trouble 'ee vor the leastest drop o' sherry.' Zo! that's enough! (The glass was brimming.) Mr. and Mrs. Lanning, my respects. I wish yew health and good fortin."

And, setting down the glass empty, he went out to the little cart with a smile upon his face.

Ben Bolt.

CHILDREN'S STORY-BOOKS.

There are no readers so absorbed and appreciative as children. Go into any house where there are children old enough to read to themselves and not old enough to have been caught up into the leisure-destroying routine of school, and you will stumble over a small boy prone on the dining-room floor, with heels in air and head buried in a volume in front of him. Equally obli-

ous of your presence is the little girl curled up in the largest and most comfortable arm-chair, with her tangle of sunny hair falling over the book on her knee. But look over the shoulder of each and—if the common ground of fairy tales be past—the difference between the little readers will be marked. From the beginning the masculine imagination has the stronger

wing. If the book be not some well-bound classic from the library shelves (and prize volumes of Arnold's "Rome" have been found on the nursery floor and the best Thackeray on the edge of the bath), it is at least some fragment of grown-up life, serious fighting, desperate adventure, courage of men in a tight place. It need not even be fiction. How we beat the French and daunted the Don has quite enough human interest for the knickerbockered readers. The merely feminine mother wonders how such small heads can carry all the movements of rearguard, vanguard, and flank.

She is more at home, sharing the beloved old story-books with her sympathetic daughters, sometimes in the carefully kept, well-printed editions of her own childhood; more often, alas! in gaudy one-volumed reprints. For the old favorites hold their own and our children still read what their grandmothers read, only with this difference, that we pass rather lightly over the edifying parts, and, in more cases than not, skip the theological teaching altogether. It is the old intimacies, the three-generation-old friendships with good and spirited and honest children that we desire for our little daughters. Let their warm tears blister the page in "The Crofton Boys" which tells the heroic story of how little Hugh Proctor lost his foot without a murmur; their grandmothers fell there before them. The generous mischief of Harry and Laura, the high-bred charm of dear Lady Harriet their grandmother, and the genuine fun of Uncle David are as fresh to-day to our children devouring "Holiday House," as when their grand-aunts were introduced into that truly good society.

As long as characters are living, carefully observed from life, and tenderly and genially drawn, story-books will keep their charm, and little readers will devour them and hardly observe

the vast difference in the conditions and manners they describe, and those themselves are accustomed to. They will be equally unconscious of the various theories, educational, religious, social, that lie at the back of almost all older story-books.

The nineteenth century has received many by-names. It is pleasant at least to remember it as the Children's Century. It first recognized the value of the child as an independent creature; rescued it from various tyrannies, domestic and economic, studied it, educated it, amused it, spoilt it perhaps, but loved it. Literature for children is the creation of the nineteenth century, though like many other boasted fruits it had its roots in the active, fertile eighteenth century. But except "Goody Two Shoes," the delicious accidental by-product of a genial and impecunious humorist, and that generous work of genius and goodness "Sandford and Merton," the eighteenth century has left us nothing in the matter of story-books but Mr. Newberry's little gilt booklets which excited the just contempt of Dr. Johnson. Their morals were of the meanest, their art of the crudest.

What our little grandmothers read depended largely on the opinions held by their parents. If these were enlightened and liberal tending towards Rationalism and Utilitarianism, they had Miss Edgeworth to begin with. Surely we are a little hypocritical in our affected enthusiasm for that classical writer? Not indeed for the author of "Castle Rackrent" and "Helen;" still less for the wise, modest, warm-hearted friend and correspondent of Scott. We need not fear the accusation of exaggeration in our admiration of these. But which of us would like to sit down and read the "Frank" and "Harry and Lucy" that we continue to give and to recommend to our children? That the books are still read

is no criterion of their merit. An intelligent child will read "Bradshaw" if it has nothing better. Away from candle-making and china factories Miss Edgeworth could make a story; and the free introduction of roguish attorneys, thieving post-boys and mutinous school-boys give sensational interest to her moral stories. But she, who was the beloved eldest sister of twenty quick-witted brothers and sisters, has not drawn one natural attractive child. It is true that the wooden pastoral of Simple Susan drew tears from Sir Walter Scott, but Sir Walter was a singularly generous critic of his contemporaries' work.

In the next generation the children of rationalizing households had an authoress all of their own, whose power of telling a story and of drawing distinct and delightful characters was as superior to Miss Edgeworth's as her weighty and noble religious teaching excelled the stunted moral lesson of "The Parent's Assistant." If one had to choose one single story-book for a child on a desert island, no better choice could be made than Miss Martineau's "Playfellow." Louis Stevenson, in one of his frank discussions of his own art of story-telling, is emphatic on the value of making maps of the fictitious places described. An attentive reader could make maps of all the places described in "Settlers at Home and Feats on the Fjords," and even plans of Crofton School and Mr. Proctor's shop and house in London. So well marked are the characters, that dipping at random into any conversation, you can give each several speech to the right character.

The vital spirit of religion remains the same from age to age, but the current religious mood and sentiment change with each generation. It is often a disappointing experience to procure for one's own children the religious books that moved one's child-

hood. One's voice falters over sentiments and teaching that are neither real to oneself nor to the children. But the reserved, religious teaching of Miss Martineau has its message, austere perhaps, but bracingly heroic, for each successive generation. Curiously enough the same can be said of that book of riotous fun "Holiday House." The religious teaching of the last few chapters is too sad for children. It has the heavy burden of "Few are thy days and full of woe"; but let any grown-up person read it to convince himself how infinitely more deep and dignified and passionately human was Scottish Calvinism than English Evangelicalism.

The bulk of children's story-books in the first half of the nineteenth century was saturated with what we know as Evangelical teaching. No religious party has done more than the Evangelical to raise and purify our national life; none has done less to enrich our literature. One branch of literature it did annex, stories for children. But the result was not particularly happy. The very party which had freed a child's body from mines and factories and chimney-sweeping, and was educating his mind in Ragged- and Sunday-schools, did also, with the best intentions, forge heavy fetters for young souls. The most popular of the writers of this school was undoubtedly Mrs. Sherwood. Read in her own day for her religious teaching, she is still read in spite of it. In any company of middle-aged and elderly people, if conversation happens to turn on children's books, two thirds of the speakers will immediately refer to "The Fair-child Family." All will cite the visit to the gibbet; some the cider drinking at the farm and the after effects in the lane; others Henry's disappearance into the pig's wash, Emily's theft of damsons, or the pride and punishment of Miss Augusta Noble. It is given to

few books to afford so many pleasant reminiscences.

Mrs. Sherwood, in her interesting autobiography, tells us that the book was written after she had found peace and light in "the doctrine of the total depravity of the human heart." Indeed this doctrine pervades like sunshine the whole of "*The Fairchild Family*." Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and even the serious man-servant John, welcome alike childish peccadilloes and serious faults of character with the cheerful alertness of specialists who recognize their pet discovery in all the diseases brought to their notice. The book begins with a sort of solemn round game, each child in turn repeating texts "about mankind having wicked hearts." "This," sums up the Papa, "is the dreadful state into which Adam fell; he made us children of wrath and heirs of Hell." This is sufficiently appalling as the text of the book, but with Mrs. Sherwood, as with Dr. Johnson's friend Mr. Edwardes, "Somehow natural cheerfulness is always breaking in." The book is crowded with episodes; and the entertaining story and crude religious teaching are so loosely compacted that, on the same page as one of Mr. Fairchild's lurid harangues, the eye is pleasantly arrested by some such substantive as "honey-suckle," "custard," "green satin slip." No one would have been more surprised, more mortified, more truly grieved than Mrs. Sherwood, if she could have foreseen that the day would come when her religious teaching would be seriously disapproved of. Nor would it have consoled her to know that her story would survive by reason of its style and its simple idyllic charm. Children, even more than grown-ups, are fascinated by style. It is less the story itself than the manner of telling it that gains their affection. Long after the incidents of the Fairchild Family have faded from memory the impression re-

mains of certain "little Heavens below," where dear old ladies sit in bow windows and smile themselves into acquaintance with little girls going hand in hand to school "in light green stuff frocks with lawn tippets and aprons, and very tight, neat silk bonnets." There is also a cheerful kitchen where an exactly similar old lady welcomes a starved and bullied little school-boy into warmth and abundance, and her charming old servant lets him make the toast. Even more delightful than the comfort and kindness of these interiors, are the descriptions of lanes and woods and hayfields. It is well to be sparing in describing natural beauty in a child's story. Reading the other day in a recent and popular child's story about "meadows starred with daffodils," and "white clouds sailing high in the blue noon of a midsummer day," one felt how such stuff lent itself to skipping. But Mrs. Sherwood's gardens and arbors and hayfields are an integral part of the story. She sees the world as a child sees it, a place to play in, "a world three feet high." "There is not a pleasanter lane in any village in England; the hedge on each side was of hawthorn which was then in blossom, and the grass was soft under the feet as a velvet cushion, and on the bank under the hedge were all manner of sweet flowers, violets, and primroses, and veronica." How little and sweet and familiar it is! What a place to play in, with that Heaven of white blossom overhead.

We are accustomed to the parable of the duckling bred in a poultry-yard stretching eager wings and longing heart towards the wild freedom of the moors. We are less accustomed to the idea of young souls growing up in free mountain places nursing a romantic passion for the richer beauty and ordered loveliness of cultivated places. Seventy years ago, in the wilds of Argyleshire, a little boy fell in love with

the placid charm of the Fairchild Family. Through a long life devoted to the intellectual life of his own country, it pleased him to trace the romantic passion felt for England and her scenery and church to those early impressions. Two years ago the old philosopher carried out his childhood's dream, and drove through leafy Worcestershire to visit the home of Henry and Lucy and Emily.

If Mrs. Sherwood created England for Scottish children, she gave a whole generation their first and most abiding impression of India. Behind the enchanting Jungle, behind the India of the Mutiny, behind even the Ranees and Rakshahs of Old Deccan Days, we carry, at the back of our elderly brains, another India; a land of square-pillared houses, of symmetrical palm-trees, of palanquins and bullock-carts; a land peopled by missionaries, and grateful but decrepit natives—the India of Little Henry and his Bearer.

Children's literature took its ply with Mrs. Sherwood, and, for a whole generation at least, was definitely allied with religious teaching. Religion suffered more than the fictions. The more pronounced the religious intention of the writers, the less did they scruple to introduce stealing and lying, and sadly unnecessary entanglements of deceit. Was it the exigencies of the plot that necessitated such means of impelling interest, or were such painful occurrences the ordinary result of a "good old-fashioned education"? There is a diabolical cleverness in some of these stories, a cruel analytical knowledge of morbid human nature worthy of a Jesuit seminary. To the student of educational theory no subtler study could be recommended than the religious stories of Miss Sewell. Each child is provided with a besetting sin, parents and guardians provide tests and pitfalls, and the poor bewildered child's soul plunges deeper and

deeper into a network of deceit, till in an agony of repentance it lays bare its sins to the inquisitorial scrutiny of parents or pastors. "Total depravity" in the hands of kind Mrs. Sherwood left room for "dolls" and "custards" but no pleasant possessions or plays interrupt the interest of these dramas of the soul.

There was a host of other stupider and simpler books which by their successful moral influence did considerable mischief. There is nothing that we more wish for a child than a perfectly right and simple relation to that large class of people who—whatever else they may be—are materially less well off than we. The generous exaggeration which exalted the rustic virtues of little Harry Sandford and despised the effeminacy of Tommy Merton is a safe extreme to go to. It contrasts at least nobly with the stupid insolence of lumping all working people with "the poor," and representing them as objects of benevolence to Christian young people of the upper classes. It makes one blush now to think of the crude experiments of the sixties, little teachers of eight and nine climbing apple-trees to instruct patient, bare-legged little pupils in the rudiments of divinity.

It was in the sixties and seventies that people now middle-aged did the bulk of their reading. Which of us can sit now for a whole half-holiday behind a curtain absorbed in a book? Who looks forward to a day or two in bed because of the amount of fiction you can get through? What a rich time it was in the literature of story-books! We had all the books descended from our mothers, aunts, and grandmothers, but the morals had been allowed to slip into a very subordinate place. We had dear Miss Yonge all for ourselves, for our mothers' inability to read the endless volumes was as inexplicable then as our daughters'

avidity in reading Mrs. Molesworth is inexplicable now. Looking now at the "Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease," it is almost startling to see how the world has changed.

"Sentiment," wrote Marjorie Fleming at the age of six in the beginning of last century "is a thing I have no knowledge of, but I wish to and would like to practise it." "Sentiment" at the beginning of this century is a thing our bicycling, examination-passing, healthy-minded girls have no knowledge of, and still less have they a desire to practise it; but fifty years ago, at the age of sixteen, heroines of novels had complete knowledge of it, and were hard at work practising it. Perhaps the change is for the better, but our wise young women hardly know what attractive creatures their mothers were with their pretty heads full of romantic dreams.

In another point feeling has changed also, probably for the better. In early Victorian times an invalid was an "Angel in the House;" ill-health was a fine art, a spiritual luxury. But a blighting wind of medical science has swept sick-rooms and shaken up sofas and scattered little books and flowers and gentle influence. Now you either get well in six weeks, or you are declared to be nervous and hysterical, and you meet with pity tempered by severity rather than sweetened by admiration.

But her large families, with their good principles, culture, family affections, small means, and genuine Anglican piety—how good they are, and how intimate one feels with them! Ethel in the "Daisy Chain" was everybody's favorite character in fiction till there appeared from across the Atlantic, a similar character, but infinitely richer, funnier, more sympathetic, more universally human, the beloved "Jo" of "Little Women." This book is passing through new editions every day, and if by a miracle they were all swallowed

up, women and children of all ages and all degrees of culture would unite to reproduce the book from memory. It is level to the intelligence of all of us. It deals with things we are all interested in—food, clothes, lovers, making both ends meet, having "good times," doing one's duty when one would rather not, and it deals with them with a "go," a sense of pleasure that is little short of genius. The delight it shows in material things is a charm common to many inferior American stories. Even the miserably narrow and mawkish "Wide Wide World" has an account of an "Apple-Choring Bee," and the accompanying supper that idealizes greediness.

But it was not merely America that contributed to our rich harvest of story-books. The sixties and early seventies were the epoch of that delightful educational institution, the German governess. These admirable women brought in their boxes, not only the superior educational traditions of the Fatherland; they brought Christmas-trees and Märchen, and a habit of imagination at once homelike and fantastic. High school teaching may give our children knowledge of the German language; who will make them feel with German hearts? It is a matter of knowledge that Hans Andersen was a Dane and wrote in Danish, but to many of us his stories came first in a German dress. Such stories fell like dew on the souls of English children. Life in prosperous English houses was, five-and-thirty years ago, if not more luxurious, more conventional than now. A child's life was hedged by "upper servants," "going down to dessert," Sunday restrictions (without serious strictness), handsome and uninteresting household furniture; and here was a new fairy world, not relegated to "Once upon a time," and not dealing merely with princes and princesses, but scattered about poultry-

yards and poor garrets, and old-fashioned furniture; inhabited, too, by very humble children, and tin soldiers, and ugly ducklings. The whole world was suddenly alive with humor and poetry.

We did not know it, of course, when we were the rising generation, but the world—the grand, grown-up world—had been silently going through a change of attitude with regard to children. Parents, teachers, story-tellers had become conscious of that small, busy, inarticulate child's world, so imperfectly understood, yet for which they had to provide law and gospel. It had become necessary to understand children before edifying or instructing them. "Children for their own sakes" is as much a revolution in pedagogics as Art for Art's sake in criticism. The authoress who seized the happy moment, between the new art and the old, the story with a moral and the realistic story of child life, was Mrs. Ewing. No one has so faithfully disclosed the eager life of plans and secrets and triumphs and disappointments that children live with children. But she was also the last to give up having a moral content in her stories. And her morals have the supreme merit of convincing and converting! The helpfulness of a household of children after reading "The Brownies" is a beautiful, if a short-lived spectacle. Mrs. Ewing is at liberty to preach what morals she pleases, because she captivates imagination and throws romance and humor on the side of goodness. Strong in this position she champions the more tiresome virtues. Obedience, for instance, must be more irksome than short-memory grown-ups can realize. The train of your own plans has, at a moment's notice, to be shunted into a siding because an express from mother or nurse occupies the way, and this a dozen times a day. Badly considered, there is little consolation to offer. But throw over the nursery, Discipline, the

glamor inseparable from everything connected with soldiers, and obedience becomes romantic and interesting. "What's the use," asks Mrs. Ewing, "of your being soldiers' children if you can't do what you are bid?"

Take "Order" again, "Heaven's first law," perhaps, but the last instinct of the ordinary human child. Amid the mingled inspiration and absurdity of Rousseau's "Emile" is this luminous sentence, "Des enfants étourdis violent les âmes vulgaires." Heedless, inconsiderate children—a "careless little minx who never thinks," or "a child with the face of a boy and the ways of a bear, who doesn't care," as Mrs. Ewing calls them—where are they to learn the gentleness, delicate helpfulness, and sense of beauty which mark the well-born soul?

There is another urgent but uninteresting virtue which we shrink from enforcing from our children, the virtue Mrs. Oliphant has called "the Scotch Grace of Thrift." Where means are ample, the virtue has to be fostered artificially, where they are narrow, grown-ups are fearful of shadowing young lives with the cares that vex their own. In the most original of her stories, "Madame Liberality," Mrs. Ewing makes us in love with saving and planning and "doing without." The little girl, with her frail body and mighty spirit, her scanty pennies and magnificent schemes for presents, is the most heroic of Mrs. Ewing's child-creations, not excepting curly-headed "Jackanapes." It is a crowning triumph to touch your readers to the quick and to leave your heroine a cheerful, fussy old maid—and she might so easily have died of that quinsy!

The severest criticism of Mrs. Ewing is that much as one loved her as a child, one loves her more as a grown-up. A child may catch a glow from the gallantry of her boys, the soldierly

traditions that haunt her books, but it takes some experience of life to appreciate the same fine quality in her old ladies, old ladies worthy of a place in the select circles of Cranford.

It is in the period of Cranford that Mrs. Ewing places her stories, and in some quiet nook of the provinces. Hence that peculiar flavor of a world lingering with us but passing away. "That which moves the feelings is old-fashioned, not antique," as Hans Breitman sang in a faintly remembered ballad; no period is nearer one's heart than the time of one's mother's girlhood. One knows it through old stories told by one's aunts and mothers and old servants. It is still alive in the furniture and pictures and odds and ends about the family home. It was this peculiar color in Mrs. Ewing's stories that gave one as a child one's first perception of individual style in books. In those days one never consulted title-pages for the names of authors, but one felt a family likeness in "Mrs. Overthway" and "Melchoir's Dream" and looked for it longingly in other stories.

With Mrs. Ewing's stories ends the personal experiences of the middle-aged. One wonders—remembering how little grown-up opinion used to weigh with oneself—how far one can understand a child's book, read for the first time with grown-up eyes. Mrs. Molesworth's little red books find countless devoted readers, unchecked by the fact that we fail to see where the interest lies. One modifies one's strictures on morals when one finds how they are

Good Words.

missed as a backbone to a story. These picturesque, well-bred, shadowy children, what poor company they seem after the noise, the individuality, the honest endeavors to be good of Miss Yonge's "Stokesley Secret," or the society of Harry and Laura and Mrs. Crabtree.

But there was no thought of pleasing us when "Carrots" and "Christmas-tree Land" were written, and the children cry us down as ignorant and captious critics. Probably children on the whole read less than they did, their days are so wholesomely divided between lessons and exercise and games; besides reading in bed is so sternly repressed. In wise households the big, beautiful, interesting grown-up books are kept on low study shelves, or on broad, flat window-seats where a child with the irrepressible instinct for reading may find them for himself. In a lovely passage Cowley describes "the little chance which filled his heart with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there." "For I remember, when I began to read and to take some pleasure in it; there was wont to lie on my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read a book but of devotion, but there was wont to lie) Spenser's Works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights and giants and monsters and brave houses which I found there."

One wonders after all if there is any necessity of a special literature for children.

Florence Macconn.

INSECT LIFE IN A SURREY SAND-PIT.

The barren face of a small sun-scorched sand-pit does not, at first sight, appear a favorable locality for the pursuit of natural history. Yet, given a blazing hot day in July or August and a southerly aspect, I venture to think that no area of similar dimensions can rival it in interest. The sloping sides are riddled with numerous holes of various sizes made by hosts of insects which buzz around you or run hurriedly over the surface intent upon the business of life—and death. Let me describe a few of the scenes that I witnessed in the course of a couple of lazy hours while basking in the sun. At my elbow there alighted on the ground a large sand-wasp, *Ammophila* (the sand-lover), rather more than an inch in length. Her appearance is most formidable in a striking uniform of red and black; her waist is ultra-waspish and gives the impression of great agility, while her black wiry legs and powerful jaws indicate a strength not to be despised. Moreover she is armed with a poisonous sting. Without delay she set to work to excavate a burrow wherein to deposit her egg. In this task she employed solely her jaws, the legs were not used for digging. For nearly an hour did she work carrying out mouthful after mouthful of earth and depositing the loads a few inches from the hole, sometimes on the right side, sometimes on the left, but invariably below the aperture so that none of the soil should roll back into the cavity she had made. The burrow was made some three inches deep, and while she was out of view down the hole the insect kept up an angry, rasping, buzz, which effectually scared away an inquisitive fly who came to examine the mouth of the tunnel. At

length enough mining had been done, but finishing touches were necessary. The mouth was enlarged so that the entry became funnel-shaped and then the little creature gave a delightful display of her sagacity. Running hurriedly round about her burrow, with her jaws, she seized hold of a tiny lump of earth, but at once dropped it; this she did several times, but eventually found a small flat stone. This she grasped with evident satisfaction and ran off with it to her burrow. Now the meaning of the funnel-like entrance became clear; the stone went easily into the wide mouth of the funnel, but rested flat across the more narrow bottom and served to hold up the pellets of earth and sand with which she now quickly filled up the entrance so as to conceal it from possible intruders. Observe the skill (may we not almost say reasoning power?) with which a solid stone, and not a crumbling bit of earth, is used for the bottom of the cover. Notwithstanding her haste the work was done with care, for more than once a pellet found to be too big or of the wrong shape when put upon the rest was at once removed and thrown away. The covering of the hole having been made nearly flush with the surrounding soil, the insect proceeded to nibble the sand above the entry, so that a shower of grains fell down over her work and made the spot look exactly like all the rest of the surface. To complete the concealment she cut a few dead grass roots and scattered them about the place. So perfectly was the burrow hidden that I had to mark the spot with a spray of heather lest I should forget its exact site. The same need was evidently felt by the insect herself, for she proceeded to take

careful note of her surroundings, making, at first, short excursions in every direction round the burrow and constantly assuring herself that she could find her way back. This exploration was gradually extended over a radius of several yards, in the course of which survey I myself was subjected to a minute scrutiny. My hands, my feet, the white butterfly net, my clothes were each in turn thoroughly examined by her quivering antennæ and the palps of her jaws, doubtless also by her eyes. Eventually she betook herself off and for a long while was not in evidence. At length she returned, dragging with her a large green caterpillar about half as long again as herself and many times heavier. This unfortunate victim she had paralyzed, but not killed, by a prick with her sting. Straight to her burrow did she convey her prey. Quickly the covering of sand and stone was removed and the caterpillar taken below out of sight. Soon she reappeared, again carefully covered up the mouth of the burrow and departed in search of another caterpillar. This time it was a brown one of another species, but of about the same size as the former. The same proceedings were again gone through, but, after the hole had been covered up and completely hidden, the insect sat resting in the sunshine for some minutes. Then she flew off a few yards and began digging a fresh burrow. I therefore concluded that the first was finished and dug out the two caterpillars. Upon the right side of the first victim was firmly fastened a large white egg, from which would have emerged the grub of *Ammophila* ready to devour the stores provided by the careful parent.

On the turf between the heather and the edge of the sand-pit there was working another insect of the same class but of different genus, *Pompilus viaticus*. She is rather smaller than *Ammophila* and has a less pronounced

waist and in spite of wearing very similar colors is far less vicious in appearance. Nevertheless, her habits are very much the same and her victims far better able to defend themselves than is the helpless caterpillar. There are, however, other points of difference which have their interest. *Pompilus* digs with her legs and shovels the earth out of the burrow backwards, scattering it far and wide by vigorous kicks. In accordance with this habit her limbs are not the same shape nor are they arranged in quite the same way as in *Ammophila*. The joint nearest to the body is that which is used as a shovel for pushing the earth back after the claws have scratched it loose. This joint is flattened so as to offer a wide surface, and the legs of the right and left sides are placed very close together at their insertion with the body, so that no particle of earth can slip between them. This creature is less fearful of intruders, for she neither emits a threatening buzz while digging, nor is she at any pains to conceal her burrow while she is away hunting. Her prey consists of a large, fat-bodied, brown spider, which lives on the ground among the heather. A single stab from the sting paralyzes the spider, who, however, is well aware of what to expect when *Pompilus* is on the war-path. I am inclined to think that the insect tracks the spider by scent rather than by sight, for she runs about hurriedly, yet in a purposeful manner and, notwithstanding digressions, in a definite direction. No one watching her could fail to be reminded of a hound, or, still more, of a stoat following a trail. At times the spider shows fight and some very pretty fencing, or, to be more accurate, a grimly earnest game of heads and tails, is witnessed. Each of the opponents is armed with a poisoned weapon, but the business-end of the spider is the head, while that of the insect is the tail. Hence the spider

lunges viciously in an attempt to get home with her fangs and keeps her soft body out of harm's way, while the insect, obliged to face the foe in order to locate her accurately, leans over to one side and swiftly lashes round with her supple body. I have often seen two female *Pompili* having friendly fencing matches with each other; I suppose, by way of training or practice. There is little doubt that the spider seldom comes off victor, as the wings of *Pompilus* give her an enormous advantage, and with a short flight in the air she drops on the spider's back and the fight is over. I once put the two adversaries in a glass-topped box to see how the affair would go in a confined space where wings could not be used. The spider seemed at once to realize her opportunity. Lifting her body clear of the ground on her eight feet she swayed to and fro waiting for an opening; suddenly she swung forward with incredible speed and was back again, on guard, before I could see exactly what she did. The result was, however, indisputable, for in a couple of seconds the *Pompilus* was writhing in convulsive death agonies and in less than a minute was defunct.

But to return to my *Pompilus* on the edge of the sand-pit. She had secured her spider and was engaged in dragging it to her burrow when I first caught sight of her. The task was an arduous one and she did not adopt the easiest route; for instead of travelling over the level surface of the ground between the heather stems, she laboriously tugged her load along the twigs of the heather from plant to plant, and frequent were the entanglings of the spider's legs in the wiry branches. Several times she left the spider suspended in a heather fork and ran to her burrow to satisfy herself that all was well at home, and now and again she went off to play with other *Pompili* close by. But she always knew exactly where she

had left her prize and came unerringly to the spot to resume the journey. At length she got to the end of the heather and was compelled to cross a foot or so of open country to reach her burrow. Across this she hurried the spider at her best speed, and I then saw why she avoided the ground as much as possible. There were numbers of ants scurrying about and carrying off sundry animals whole or piecemeal to their nest. No doubt a plump spider would have proved too much for their honesty and *Pompilus* would have lost her booty had she given her cousins, the ants, an opportunity. It was the work of a moment to drag the spider backwards down the hole, which had been made just big enough to admit the fat abdomen, and then the hole was covered up and all suspicion removed by the careless scattering of a few dead heather-bells round about the place. Excavation with a knife revealed five spiders and one egg laid by *Pompilus*.

On a projecting ledge of rather firm sand another of the same family was busy, and, for all that she was hardly bigger than a house-fly, surpassed both the foregoing in the frequency of her murders. This one is known as *Oxybelus* and full well she deserves the title. In appearance she is very like an ordinary fly and still more closely resembles the flies which frequent the sandy commons and other open places. She is about the same size, color and shape, flies in a very similar way, sits basking on the bare stones in the way that flies so often do, and even goes so far as to have a glittering silvery face exactly like that of many flies. All this, I am convinced, is that she may pass for a fly and excite no suspicion, for her one object in life is to secure as many flies as possible with the minimum of trouble. Six times in five minutes did this diminutive insect-hawk swoop successfully upon luckless unsuspecting flies in mid-

air and bring them down to earth struggling furiously to escape. The quietus was quickly administered and the body dragged into a tiny burrow. But here the method of conveyance was most peculiar and different from that of any other insect with which I am acquainted. Neither jaws nor legs were used to secure a hold, but the fly was turned on its back and the sting plunged into the ventral surface of its chest. The head of the fly was thus beneath the body of the *Oxybelus*, while the tail projected behind. The method is distinctly good, for it enables the insect to go head first down the burrow, instead of backing into it as do all her relations: it may, possibly, be determined by the presence

The Pilot

of a sharp, rigid spike, whose use I cannot explain, projecting backwards between the wings; the point of this structure would almost certainly catch in the roof of the burrow if she backed along it. Within the burrow she has room to turn round, for she always comes out head first, and, after a momentary pause for circumspection, covers up the hole and is off hunting again. There were no less than sixteen flies in this burrow when fully stored and, as far as I could discover, only one grub was to be reared in the nursery-larder. If the rate of fly-slaughter is maintained for any time by *Oxybelus* she must be reckoned a good friend by all who know what it is to be tormented by flies in the hot weather.

O. H. Latter.

THE GRANT DUFF DIARIES.*

Diaries are as good reading as dictionaries, and for much the same reason. As in Alice's Caucus Race, you begin where you like and leave off where you like, and you always get a prize. But diaries have this advantage over dictionaries, that while they are equally discontinuous in form, while they obtrude no tiresome pattern upon the attention, they are in reality organic. You may shake a diary for new pictures like a kaleidoscope, or if you are superstitious you may turn it up for *sortes* like a family Bible; but all the time it is a definite, measurable fragment of that painted veil which they who live call life. The diarist is spanked, breeched, and grows up, gets the Ireland or a gulf in mods, marries a wife and has children or the gout, is

blackballed for the Megatherium or sent to Portland. It is somebody's Life and Adventures, and only not yours by inessential accidents of names and dates. You have the double delight of minding other people's business and mirroring your own. There, but for the grace of God, goest thou. The love of reading diaries is consequently universal and supreme. But the love of writing diaries is another matter. Diarists are a race apart—born, not made—like albinos, wicket-keepers, and people who believe that the earth is flat. For the rest of us life, as in Calderon's play, *es sueño*. We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and we have all our work cut out to remember the day of the week. Spiritually and intellectually we live from hand to mouth and hate the people who remind us of our birthdays. Not so the diarist. He performs the difficult feat of

* "Notes from a Diary: 1892-1895." By the Right Hon. Sir. Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. In two vols. (Murray, 18s.)

getting outside himself. In defiance of the French proverb, he at once joins in the procession and looks out of the window. He watches himself in the act of living. This implies an unusual degree of self-respect. And to sit down, night after night, year after year, writing history all about yourself implies unflagging industry and great tenacity of purpose, as well as a strong taste for life and a rather peculiar sense of perspective. Even more than brains you need iron nerve, staying power—for it is only the "non-stop runs" that really count. No wonder diarists are rare. The problems of heredity are still obscure, but we believe it will be found that several generations are required to produce a perfect diarist. It is significant that Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's maternal grandfather kept "a curious old diary."

Here, however, it is necessary to distinguish. To use the old-fashioned terminology, there are two great classes of diarists, the subjective and the objective. Conspicuous in the first class are Stendhal, Amiel, the brothers De Goncourt, Marie Bashkirtseff, and Miss Blanche Amory, the diarist of "Mes Larmes." Diarists of this kind write about their feelings. They are morbidly self-conscious. They are perpetually looking at themselves in the glass. At bottom, they have a craving to *confess*, to confess out loud and "for the gallery." Their main interest for us is psychological. We read them with avidity and a slight touch of contempt. But we have nothing but respect for the other class, the objective diarists. The rudimentary matter, the protoplasm, of this species is the Citizen's Diary in the "Spectator." Pepys adorns this class, and Montaigne the Italian tourist (the essayist would, with reservations, fall into the other category), and Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. At bottom, the diarists of this class have a craving to *record*. Thus

you find Sir Mountstuart not only keeping a diary, but compiling sets of visitors' books. "To-day" (September 15, 1894) "we commenced Volume II. of the list of people who have stayed with us one or more nights." Total number of entries, 2,712, "with a separate record of the 6,124 who dined, but did not stay." It is Boswell, with a special turn for statistics. This trait is so marked in Sir Mountstuart that his friends openly regard it as one of his assets. A good story is told at dinner. "Ashbourne called across to me—'That is very characteristic; you must put it down,' and I promised to do so." Sir Mountstuart not only does so, but puts down Lord Ashbourne's recommendation. We should say that the basis of this temperament is an intelligent curiosity. It is just here that one finds a close parallelism between Sir Mountstuart's diary and the Journal of Montaigne's Travels in Italy, translated by Mr. W. G. Waters, and recently issued from the same publishing house. Montaigne is curious about things that we should now consider a little odd. As, for instance, the varying customs of *filles de joie*. "The courtesans here" (in Florence), he says, "stand at the doors of the houses to attract lovers just as those of Rome and Venice sit by the windows." Sir Mountstuart's curiosity is more "elegant." At Athens he tackles a botanist about the "hemlock" which Socrates drank. As *Cicuta virosa* is not a Greek plant, it was probably *Conium maculatum*. Then "Minerva's owl is *Athene noctua*, larger than *Strix Scops*, and without its pretty tufted ears." Further, there is the same minute particularity of detail in both the diarists, so that they both sometimes read like Defoe. Montaigne cannot send a box of purchases to Milan without telling you that the muleteers generally make the journey in twenty days, that the box weighed 150 pounds, and that he had to pay four bajocchi

or two French sous per pound. Sir Mountstuart cannot describe a dinner party without setting out for you the table-plan. "Hooper was in the chair, the Duke of Argyll and Maunde Thompson on his right, the Duc d'Aumale on his left, beyond him the Chancellor, then at one end of the table Lord Carlisle, next whom was Reeve and Arthur Morrison, who was next me. On my left was Layard, beyond him Lecky, and at the other end of the table Sir William Smith, twelve in all." Speaking roughly, we may say that Sir Mountstuart is a nineteenth century Montaigne, and Montaigne a *cinque cento* Grant Duff. Sir Mountstuart also has his Pepysian traits, but they are less notable. Pepys, wobbling between our second and our first class, is apt to record moods as well as external facts. Remembering the danger of a universal negative, we hesitate to say flatly that Sir Mountstuart never records a mood. But such records, if they occur at all, are so rare in his pages as to be negligible. He is the most impersonal of the diarists.

And yet to be consistently impersonal in this fashion is *ipso facto* to exhibit a marked personality, and a very delightful one. It is to be a modest and courteous gentleman, a good listener, a faithful historian, with an instinct amounting almost to genius for getting the best out of other men, for extracting the "virtue" from the place and the occasion. Sir Mountstuart's diaries began with New Year's Day, 1851, and though, as he says, they have "resolutely kept to the less serious side of life," they have also resolutely kept to the things of the intellect and the spirit; they have never condescended to scandal or to egoistic maundering or to things paltry and trivial. Few men, bidden to set down their daily talks and journeys and dinner parties, could stand such a test as that. Here and there you may smile over a naive touch, over

the innocent pedantry of the botanist, or over an occasional "chestnut"; but, take them all round, the Grant Duff diaries hold a most honorable place in this class of literature; they have become with many of us favorite *livres de chevet*, and their general effect is the best of all effects—to endear the author to the reader. Sir Mountstuart is in the habit of anticipating publication by sending round fragments of his diary to his friends, and one of them, Charles Norton, states what we take to be the true impression. "What strikes me most," says this reader, "is that society still exists in London, and that the art of conversation, the social art, is not extinct." The truth of the matter is that the atmosphere of the diarist is aristocratic in the worthiest sense; we live among the best people, not the "smart" people, but statesmen and rulers of men, as well as the elect of those whom Anatole France calls *les âmes bien nées*. The range of topics is boundless. When Sir Mountstuart talks with a lady, "Flaubert's correspondence, a new edition of Æschylus, the Chanson de Roland, the management of the London Library, Bayreuth, the Euryanthe of Weber, and her new Spitz puppy were only a few of the many subjects which came up during our conversation. At the tables of The Club, the Literary Society, the Dilettanti, the Breakfast Club, Grillon's, and ever so many more, you listen to almost everybody in London worth listening to. There is Mr. Henry James putting Mrs. Carlyle at the head of all English letter-writers, and Canon Ainger telling a story against himself, and Du Maurier promptly making a sketch out of the story for *Punch*. Or you hear how an Indian Prince spends his time in learning "Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow," or how George Henry Lewes called the great George Eliot "Polly." Then, in a moment, you are asked to consider when Pendarus first

got his evil reputation, or how "milliner" came to be derived from "Milaner," or (in an anecdote of Lord Granville) the meaning of that word "rosse" which has lately puzzled one of our dramatists. Just the easy, natural, but always intellectual chit-chat of the best and oldest dining-clubs in London. It is a nice point which of these clubs is the very best. Lord Beaconsfield, it seems, opted for "The" Club. Sir Mountstuart says he always reckons

The London Times.

the best to be the one which he last attended—an amiable saying characteristic of the man. Let us part with him on the word "amiable." It is his own word. "On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime" is the precept which he has taken from Renan and faithfully observed. He cherishes the hope that he may be able, with two more volumes, to complete the full half-century of his diary. We heartily hope so too.

THE MARCH TO LHASA.

Difficulties seem to be thickening round the Tibetan Expedition. Colonel Younghusband is in the position of a climber in the Andes or the Himalayas who, as he masters one great acclivity, finds another still higher, of which he had scarcely suspected the existence, rearing itself before him. It is now announced that the Expedition must go on to Lhasa. The British and the Indian Governments had hoped that the ruling powers in the "mysterious city," when once aware that their giant neighbour was in earnest, and that they could not resist the advance of the Envoy, would eagerly ask for terms, would sign any treaty put before them which did not contain clauses interfering with their position in Tibet, and even if they broke it the week after, would retain a salutary conviction that "India" was too strong for them, and that they must in future evade rather than defy her commands. Power, however, in the Tibetan capital has passed into unexpectedly strong hands. It was known that the Lamas, actuated by motives impenetrable by Western minds, had recently abandoned their custom of poisoning the Incarnation of Buddha before he had quite ceased

to be a child, and that the present Dalai Lama was a grown man nearly thirty years old. It now appears that, aided, perhaps, by some festering discontents within the great lamaseries or monasteries themselves, his Holiness has taken the reins in his own hands, has removed his four principal Ministers, and—probably under the advice of Dorjjeff, the Buriat Lama whom St. Petersburg employs as its agent—has determined to resist the advance of the expedition, which he probably underrates because it includes so few white men. His means seem to Englishmen ludicrously disproportionate to his object; but Lhasa knows nothing of the sea, little of the force at the disposal of the great transmarine Powers, and still less of the terrible armor with which modern science has supplied them. So the Grand Lama picks from among the peasantry who reverence him very tall men, the "giants" of the bulletin-makers, who, his advisers doubtless think, will produce a great impression on their inferiors in size, arms them with the best weapons he has—big swords, big shields, a proportion of rifles, and a few jingalls, or big bell-mouthed muskets—and orders them to

bar the road. His officers execute his plans as well as they can, building thick stone walls and loopholed pounds, and fighting in defence of them with a sullen Mongolian courage which it is pitiful to read of, it is so useless. They could, we imagine, stop the invaders if the latter were armed like the Tibetans—at least, the account of the skirmish in which Captain Bothune fell reads very like it—but the moment the Western artillery gets into play their chance is over. Even Mahommedan ghazis cannot stand up to a shower of shells; and the Tibetans, though they die well and are evidently brave men, have not the rushing courage of the ghazi when he is seeking death. The attack of the 5th inst. on the Mission at Gyangtse, which was dexterously planned, was defeated in this way; and the small advance guard which carried the "wall with wings" which they found across their path at Karo owed their victory to the European guns as much as to their own daring. Still, though he never succeeds, there is no sign that the Grand Lama, who, we must remember has been revered as a god all his life, feels himself defeated, or intends to send Envoys of rank, or to permit the Chinese Amban, whom he probably regards as a dignified spy, to act as his intermediary. The Mission is still far off, he is possibly assured that it will never have the audacity to threaten Lhasa, and he may have resources still unused in which he has hope. There must be many riding tribes who acknowledge, if not his direct authority, at least his sanctity, and who may be persuaded or bribed to come to his relief. At all events, he sits, like any other Buddha, motionless.

It is, therefore, necessary to advance to Lhasa. It is a most annoying necessity, for reasons we shall explain, but there is hardly an alternative open

to us. The Mission cannot stay at Gyangtse forever, though the surrounding peasantry, who are receiving undreamed-of prices for their supplies, cordially wish it would; and to retreat with nothing accomplished would make the Indian Government ridiculous, not only in St. Petersburg, which might not matter just now, but in Nepal, whence we recruit our peerless Ghoorkas, in Bhutan, which controls the easiest passes into Tibet, and throughout the tribes who, in their obscure way, hold the Eastern Himalayas. No such policy will be well received in this country; and in India retreat, even when it is obviously the path of wisdom, is always regarded as a galling humiliation. We are not here, Anglo-Indians think, to suffer humiliation at the hands of the peoples which misuse the broad glacies around the Empire. We are too dependent upon prestige, both Governments will say, and say with undeniable justice, though the saying does not cover the whole situation. We entertain little doubt, therefore, that the expedition will be reinforced, and that it will march on Lhasa, where, after several engagements like that of Karo, it will arrive in safety, having performed a splendid feat of arms, and conquered, or rather defied, an Empire in the clouds.

And then the difficulties may be thicker than ever. The Grand Lama may, of course, be greatly impressed by our visit, may sign the treaty submitted to him, and may give us a gracious permission to depart, with assurance of abundant provision all along the road home. Judging, however, by the obstinacy he has throughout displayed, and remembering the difficulty a theocracy always experiences in acknowledging total defeat, it is much more probable that his Holiness will retreat to some distant monastery, leaving Colonel Young-

husband to waste his great ability in conciliation upon officers who will discuss matters with him for any number of months, and then declare that without the Grand Lama's signature they have no authority to arrange anything.

What, then, is Colonel Younghusband to do? He cannot go hunting the Grand Lama through the clouds as we hunted the Mullah through the deserts of Somaliland. That would be too purposeless a waste of life and treasure. He cannot hold Lhasa for years as "a material guarantee," for it would immediately cease to be the capital; and though General Macdonald would, we doubt not, hold it safely enough, still we do not want to be responsible for a post in the clouds, with no easy connecting link between it and India. If we do not make good roads, the outpost at Lhasa will be a perpetual anxiety; and if we do make them, they may be used by enemies, or, worse still, by the swarms of projectors who the moment they hear that "Tibet is open" will be rushing to ascertain and exploit its reported mineral treasures. If instead of a garrison we leave only an Envoy, he will, if the Grand Lama has fled, be accredited to no accessible person, and will almost certainly be murdered some morning by irritated Lamas, to punish

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whom we must send a second and more costly expedition. It is a most annoying business; but we can see no way out of it except to go forward to Lhasa, and there decide, when we have seen, or missed seeing, the Dalai Lama, what next is to be done. Perhaps the English good fortune will attend us even there, and we may discover personages whose influence is sufficient to counterbalance that of the Grand Lama, and even to compel him to be reasonable. Perhaps, too, we may be able to make use of the Teshu Lama, who appears to be friendly, and who, according to the most recent information, is of much higher spiritual authority than the Dalai Lama at Lhasa, whom we have hitherto chosen to regard as the Grand Lama. Fortunately, we have in Colonel Younghusband an Envoy who is a born diplomatist, and not merely a "Political," who knows from previous experience the ramifications of Lamaism, and who is the last man in the world to believe that for the vast Indian Empire "expansion" is an object in itself. He will do what can be done; but still, we wish that his trained energies were being employed upon some less dreary, or, as it may prove, impossible, task.

SHAKESPEARE.*

Every student of Shakespeare will find in Mr. Churton Collins's pages much to interest him. Mr. Collins is well read in the classics, and his critical studies are consequently characterized by a breadth and an intelligence which can only come of the comparative study of great literature. Matthew

Arnold laid down the law that "the criticism which alone can much help us for the future is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result." To write critically of Shakespeare apart from the other masters of European literature, whether ancient or modern, may be of service to neophytes, but

* "Studies in Shakespeare." By J. Churton Collins. Archibald Constable and Co., Limited. 1904.

critical writing of this kind has been so often and so well done already that even beginners would suffer little if it were never done again.

No genuine progress in English literary study is possible among advanced students if they always treat English literature as an isolated phenomenon and view it always in an insular light. Mr. Collins wisely warns us against the perils of the narrow vision. We may disagree with his conclusions, but the arguments on which they are based invariably offer us food for thought. His method is informed by a sense of the "confederate" principle which governs great literary achievement.

Far more than a third of Mr. Collins's volume is devoted to a comparison of Shakespearian drama with the Greek drama, and to a weighing of the probabilities whether or no Shakespeare levied direct loans on the Greek poets as well as on the Latin poets.

It is impossible to question Shakespeare's familiarity with the Latin language. He knew Latin not as a classical scholar, but as a man of exceptionally alert intelligence, who had passed in boyhood through the ordinary Latin curriculum of an Elizabethan grammar school. The faculty of writing and even of speaking Latin was almost universal in Elizabethan England among men who had enjoyed any regular education at all. Shakespeare's contemporaries at Stratford, who had been his school-fellows and were engaged in later life exclusively in the un-literary pursuit of grocer or butcher, were able to correspond with one another in copious and fluent Latin. I have always been deeply impressed in this connection by a passage in a rare tract describing a maritime adventure (which is hardly distinguishable from piracy) of an Elizabethan merchant-captain, one Edward Glemham. Making a raid on St. George's Island, in the

Azores, the captain found it necessary to enter into personal debate with the Spanish Governor of the island. The Elizabethan knew no Spanish, and at first employed an interpreter; but desirous that the Spaniard should know his mind from his own mouth, Captain Glemham, "demanded" (writes the chronicler of the expedition) "of the Governor if he spake Latin, which he did excellent well; so in Latin, which [Master Glemham] speaks as perfect as English, he confirmed what he had before spoken and no more." If Master Glemham, who made no pretension to literary capacity and was free from any tincture of academic culture, could speak "Latin as perfect as English," no surprise is permissible that Shakespeare should be able to peruse Ovid or Seneca, or Plautus or Horace in the original.

The study of Greek was a far rarer accomplishment in Elizabethan England, and the evidence that Greek literature was studied at the grammar school of Stratford-on-Avon is less conclusive than the evidence affecting Latin literature. There were, however, numerous Latin translations of Greek texts accessible to Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and we shall put no undue strain on our convictions if we admit the likelihood that Shakespeare gained some acquaintance with Homer and the Greek dramatists, if not by direct approach, at least through the Latin rendering.

No one need hesitate to go with Mr. Collins thus far. But with regard to the precise influence that the Greek drama exerted on Shakespeare's thought or expression there is room for much difference of opinion. The Greek dramatists abound in gnomic reflections, very many of which are undoubtedly re-enunciated by Shakespeare in much the same words. The Earl of Warwick, in discussion with the King in 2 *Henry IV.*, reflects how

"Things
As yet not come to life, which in their
seeds
And weak beginnings lie intresured,
Such things become the hatch and
brood of time."

—III., 1, 83.

Sophocles, in his *Ajax* (646), notices
how

"All things doth long and countless
time produce
From darkness."

Again, in the same play, (371), Sophocles inquires: "Why grieve when deeds are past recall? It can never be that these things should be not what they are." In *Macbeth* Shakespeare sets in Lady Macbeth's mouth the familiar words:

"Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's
done is done."

—III., 2, 11-12.

Mr. Churton Collins has accumulated a mass of like resemblances, many of which are far closer in idea and phraseology than the two I cite. But all are of that gnomic character, all are in that universal vein of sententiousness, about the genealogy of which it is perilous to dogmatize. Proverbial philosophy is a widely distributed heritage of mankind, and no close observer of life or literature can have failed to observe how commonly fragments of it are clothed in almost identical language by persons who have never come into any intercourse with one another. Such coincidences rarely justify the attribution of specific indebtedness in any direction. No sentiment other than gratitude to Mr. Collins will be cherished by the intelligent student who examines his imposing collection of parallel passages. The more closely they are studied, the wider will be the student's outlook on literature. But it is safer

to regard the parallelisms as proof of consanguinity of spirit between the English and the Greek authors rather than of Shakespeare's direct indebtedness to his predecessors. Whatever may have been his means of access to Greek tragedians, the alleged proofs that he borrowed from them, or that he even unconsciously assimilated their thoughts, are inconclusive and unconvincing.

In presence of the fact that nearly a third of Shakespeare's dramatic writing was in prose, it is curious to observe how small attention Shakespeare has received at the hands of critics in his capacity as prose writer. A fair-sized library might be formed of books and articles on Shakespeare's versification. But a very few inches of a single shelf would hold all that has hitherto been written on Shakespeare's prose. A very warm welcome is, therefore, due to Mr. Collins's admirable and suggestive essay on Shakespeare's characteristics as a prose writer.

Other topics of which Mr. Collins treats are Shakespeare's knowledge of law, his literary relation with Montaigne, and the Baconian folly. Mr. Collins brings to the exposition of the last two subjects a freshness, a directness of expression, and a wealth of knowledge and corroborative illustration which leave most of his predecessors far behind.

It is only in the study entitled "Was Shakespeare a Lawyer" that Mr. Collins seems to me to ignore those broad principles of criticism which dominate his method elsewhere. He here develops Malone's familiar text that Shakespeare's "knowledge of legal terms . . . has the appearance of technical skill," and after a careful examination of various examples of legal phraseology in Shakespeare's work, he reaches the not wholly unfamiliar conclusion that Shakespeare in all proba-

bility practised law in some capacity in youth.

In this essay Mr. Collins appears to ignore the comparative mode of criticism and the neglect seems to vitiate his final judgment. None can question the fact of Shakespeare's frequent use of law terms, for the most part with accuracy. It ought, however, to be premised that instances of "bad law" or unsound interpretation of legal principles are almost as numerous in Shakespeare's work as instances of "good law" or right interpretation of legal principles, and on this branch of his topic Mr. Collins is tantalizingly silent. None the less, if we are content to isolate Shakespeare from his contemporaries, or to judge him exclusively by the practice of imaginative writers of recent times, the circumstance that he often borrows metaphors or terminology from the law may well give us pause, and may appear to justify the theory that some personal experience is the only possible explanation of his habit. But the problem assumes a very different aspect when it is perceived that Ben Jonson and Spenser, Massinger and Webster, were hardly less familiar with law terms than Shakespeare, and employed them with even greater frequency and facility.

It can be stated with the utmost confidence that neither Spenser nor Ben Jonson ever engaged in the profession of the law. Somewhat less is known of the careers of Massinger and Webster. But our knowledge is sufficient to negative the suggestion that they served a legal apprenticeship. No peculiar biographical significance should therefore, I think, be assigned to Shakespeare's legal phraseology. Social intercourse between men of letters and lawyers was exceptionally active in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In view of the sensitiveness to environment, in view of the mental receptivity of all great writers of the

day, it becomes unnecessary to assign to any more special causes the prevailing predilection for legal illustration in contemporary literature. In estimating Shakespeare's achievement, and before crediting any part of it with a unique character, we should always compare his practices with those of his contemporaries. It is only after deducting from the individual account the factors common to them all that we shall arrive with any certainty at the characteristics peculiar to each.

Spenser's *Faerie Queene* seems an unlikely place wherein to study Elizabethan law. But Spenser, in his romantic epic is far more generous than Shakespeare in his plays in technical references to legal procedure. Take such passages as the following. The first forms a technical commentary on the somewhat obscure law of "alluvion," with which Shakespeare showed no sign of acquaintance:

"For that a walf, the which by fortune
came

Upon your seas, he claim'd as property:
And yet nor his, nor his in equity,
But yours the walf by high prerogative.

Therefore I humbly crave your Majesty
It to replevie, and my son replevie,
So shall you by one gift save all us
three alive."

Faerie Queene, Book IV., Canto 12,
Stanza 31.

In the second passage a definite form of legal practice is fully and accurately described:

"Fair Mirabella was her name, where-
by

Of all those crimes she there indicted
was:

All which when Cupid heard, he by
and by,

In great displeasure willed a Capias
Should issue forth t'attach that scorn-
ful lass.

The warrant straight was made, and
therewithal

A Bailiff-errant forth in post did pass,
Whom they by name there Portamore
did call;
He which doth summon lovers to
love's judgment hall.
The damsel was attached, and shortly
brought
Unto the bar whereas she was ar-
raigned;
But she thereto nould plead, nor an-
swer aught
Even for stubborn pride which her re-
strained.
So judgment passed, as is by law or-
dained
In cases like."

Faerie Queene, Book VI., Canto 7,
Stanzas 35 and 36.

It will be noticed by readers of these quotations that Spenser makes free with strangely recondite terms which the laity can now only understand by recourse to law books. "Capias," in the second quotation, seems singularly foreign to poetic phraseology. The verb "replevie," in the first quotation, means "to enter on disputed property, after giving security to test at law the question of rightful ownership"; the technicality is to modern ears altogether out of harmony with the language of the Muses.

Such examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely from Spenser, Ben Jonson, and scores of their contemporaries.

The Speaker.

From dozens of Elizabethan sonnets could similar illustrations of legal terminology be cited. There is nothing consequently individual in Shakespeare's introduction of legal metaphors into his sonnets, any more than there is individuality in his introduction of them into his plays.

Such questions as "Was Spenser a lawyer?" or "Was Ben Jonson a lawyer?" have as far as my biographical studies go, not yet been raised. Were they raised, they would be summarily answered in the negative. The frequency with which law terms are employed by Shakespeare's contemporaries, who may justly be denied all practical experience of the profession of law, may well raise doubts as to the trustworthiness of an argument which, ignoring the ways of other literary men of the day, brings us to the conclusion that Shakespeare, because he used law terms, was at one time in his career a practising lawyer or lawyer's clerk. To my mind, the only just conclusion to be drawn from Shakespeare's use of law terms is that the great dramatist in this feature of his work is merely giving one of many proofs of his loyal adherence to the popular literary fashions of his day.

Sidney Lee.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Professor Saintsbury has edited two volumes of selections from the minor poets of the Caroline period, to be issued by the Clarendon press.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce, in their American Commonwealths series a volume on Massachusetts by Professor Edward Channing of Harvard and one on Rhode Island by Irving B. Richman.

The Macmillans announce for fall publication the official biography of the great English artist, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, which will contain productions of many of the artist's most famous pictures.

Harper & Bros. are about publishing an important work on "The First of Empires: Babylon of the Bible in the Light of Latest Research," by an Eng-

lish scholar, Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, who has made use of the remarkable archaeological discoveries of the past half century for the illumination of his subject.

Mr. Belloc's striking essays on the Poetry of the French Renaissance, with which readers of *The Living Age* are familiar, have been gathered into a volume entitled "*Avril*" which is to be published by Duckworth & Co. of London.

The Athenæum remarks that though the late Dr. Smiles was in good physical health up to the last, yet he had been dead to the world for several years. When still able to write he prepared his "*Memoirs*," and put the finishing touch to them shortly before he ceased to use his pen.

It is reported that Mr. Hall Caine is engaged upon a novel of which Mr. Arthur Balfour is to be the hero; also that Mr. George Meredith is writing a story in which Mr. Chamberlain will be one of the principal characters. It is possible that the fiscal campaign is to be warmed over in fiction?

Mr. John Lane has published a new edition of Kenneth Grahame's "*The Golden Age*," illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. In the first illustrated edition Mr. Parrish's illustrations were reproduced in half-tone. The result was so far from satisfactory that the publisher has re-collected the originals, which in the meantime had been scattered, and now reproduces them in photogravures.

At a recent sale the original manuscript of Hawthorne's "*Feathertop*" was sold for \$750, and that of "*Ancestral Footsteps*" for \$650. Five hun-

dred and five dollars was the price obtained for the original manuscript of Poe's "*System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether*." It would have been highly gratifying to the authors if their manuscripts had brought such prices during their lifetime.

One of the speakers at the recent Shakespeare celebration related that after "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" had been played to a rustic audience he inquired of the villagers how they had enjoyed it. They replied that they thought Shakespeare splendid, but they added, "We think it was real good of you, Mr. Benn, to put in all that stuff about the carpenter and the joiner and the bellows mender and the tinker and the tailor. We knew you put that in for us, sir. Ho, yes, we knew that worn't Shakespeare."

Some six years ago it was suggested by some admirers of Goethe in Strasbourg that a statue might be placed in that city to commemorate the poet's sojourn there. The idea was favorably received, money began to flow in, and, though the application for a grant of public money was unsuccessful, private subscriptions rose to 135,000 marks, the English Goethe Society being among the contributors with a creditable amount. For the monument itself 110,000 marks (about £5,500) were set apart. A competition was opened in the autumn of 1900, for which about 60 artists entered. The jury decided in favor of the sketch of Ernest Wägener, of Berlin, representing Goethe as the youthful "wanderer." The site of the statue is in the grounds in front of the new University building, at the fine bridge which leads to the Emperor's Palace, near the House of the local Parliament. Two huge reliefs, illustrating incidents in Goethe's life, appear on the base. The inauguration took place last month.

SANCTUARY.

Low at Thine Altar, Lord most high,
 I claim the ancient right
 To lay my battered harness by
 And trust Thy sacred might:
 The foes, who follow on the track
 My feet in fear have trod,
 Hold from Thy silent threshold back:
 Give Sanctuary, O God!

Wounded and weary to the death
 I pass Thy temple doors,
 Behind me murder pants for breath,
 The hum of battle roars;
 But where the peaceful candles shine
 And drowsy censers nod,
 Here in the stillness of Thy shrine
 Give Sanctuary, O God!

Within the shelter of Thy walls
 The tumult fades away,
 The wonder of the Presence falls
 About our hearts who pray,
 Faint in the distance dies the din
 Of legions iron shod;
 From vengeance at the heels of sin
 Give Sanctuary, O God!

The Pilot.

C. O. Emra.

WAYNE WOOD.

The trees are bare in Wayne Wood:
 Autumn's pageant's passed, and dead
 The beech's brown, the maple's red.
 Gray and blue the pigeons fly
 Through branches gray against blue
 sky
 In Wayne Wood.

The trees are bare in Wayne Wood:
 Think you that we shall see again
 The leaves that kept us from the
 rain?
 Or touch again with dew-drenched
 hands
 The golden rag-weed when it stands
 In Wayne Wood?

The trees are bare in Wayne Wood:
 Shall we not go with eager feet
 To where the branching pathways
 meet,

And hear, when first the shadows
 fall
 The stock-doves and the pheasants
 call
 In Wayne Wood?

The trees are bare in Wayne Wood:
 The hidden places open lie
 Revealed to every passer-by.
 And yet what secret shall be torn
 From silent oak or twisted thorn
 In Wayne Wood?

The trees are bare in Wayne Wood:
 Do you remember all the days
 We spent among its hidden ways?
 What magic of the morning shared,
 What peril of the evening dared
 In Wayne Wood?

The trees are bare in Wayne Wood:
 I think we shall not see again
 The green and gold of summer's
 train.
 Did you or I first, who shall say,
 Unsheath the sword that bars the
 way
 To Wayne Wood?

Ethel Clifford.

The Fortnightly Review.

AURORE.

Does the sun know?
 Of sunset fair—and dawn?
 Of birds that love the springtime of the
 day?
 So far below—
 How should the sun know
 The purpling shadows, from a light
 withdrawn,
 That at its blithe returning flee away?

Sweetheart, you pass
 My quiet window-seat.
 Yours is the radiance of the glowing
 day.
 Across the grass
 Swiftly—too swift, you pass;
 For, on your flitting, twilight follows
 fleet.
 Yet—if you knew—would your heart
 bld you stay?

Aldis Dundar.

Pall Mall Magazine.